The Outlook

AUGUST 2, 1922

SOMETHING CHEAP

SOMETHING cheap when prices are high ought to be popular. To those looking for something inexpensive we recommend taking a fling at Congress. It costs nothing.

Perhaps that is why so many people are doing it.

It seems almost as if Congress were some kind of alien government set over us by some foreign enemy. Newspaper editorials expressing appreciation of what Congress has done or is undertaking to do are hard to find. Even when a member of the Administration speaks about Congress, he speaks harshly. Naturally, the ordinary citizen, who gets his impression of public men from the newspapers, is likely to regard Congress as an incumbrance upon the earth. Indeed, there is no cheaper form of amusement than shying verbal rocks at the National Capitol.

Of course there are members of both the House and the Senate who tempt anybody to try a shot. These are the sort that are always finding themselves in some row with somebody. We all know the type. Almost any American can mention one or two that would fit this description. Usually the row that they seem to seek is a verbal row with the tongue or type as weapon. On rare occasions—significantly rare—they engage in physical altercations. There are some men who cannot stand the test of character involved in the enjoyment of immunity for what they say in a legislative hall. As a rule, however, a Senator or a Representative is a man much like other men, except that perhaps he works under a public pressure that other men do not feel. He may get some reward through local reputation and in the exercise of a measure of power; but he rarely gets in net income much, if anything, more than he might earn by devoting himself to a private calling. The Congressman, for instance, who serves for so many years that he attains a position of responsibility and authority in the House might well be supposed to have attained a National reputation. He probably has, in a way; a newspaper item mentions, for example, the expected retirement of Mr. Fess. The ordinary newspaper reader from some other State than that which Mr. Fess comes from reads the account and says:

"Fess? Fess? Let me see, is that the man that was Governor of Massachusetts or something? No, his name was Foss, wasn't it? But who is Fess? It seems to me I have heard his name."

That is the sort of thanks a man gets by serving in our National legislative body. He is lucky to get no worse than that.

Just now Congress is finding itself the object of rather more derision than usual on account of the Tariff Bill, the Bonus Bill, the Ship Subsidy Bill, and some other bills that it has not passed. It has been derided for not passing them and it has been derided for not killing them. Meanwhile it goes on discussing them, and studying them, and debating them, and making them all seem less justifiable just because they are the subject of debate. If in some way Congress were to pass bills without debate, it would escape much censure but deserve more.

But now we American citizens can all of us find something we do not like in Congress, and take aim.

Of course one thing we all know very well is that we who are so scornful of Congress are its creators. We have made Congress in our own image. If Americans had a sense of humor—the ability to laugh at themselves—they could really take some pleasure in the fun they make of their own handiwork.

MUSCLE SHOALS

THE plan to turn over one of the greatest sources of water power in the world to private hands for one hundred years is not getting the encouragement in Congress that it once seemed to have.

The Senate Agricultural Committee, which had the proposal under consideration, has made a report which records a majority against accepting Mr. Ford's bid for Muscle Shoals, in Alabama. For that the country should be profoundly thankful. In this report the Ford offer is characterized as "the most wonderful real estate speculation since Adam and Eve lost title to the Garden of Eden."

The report of the Committee was presented by Chairman Norris, and parts of it received the support of various members of the Committee. According to the report, it is estimated that, at the interest rate of six per cent, in a hundred years the proposed gift to Henry Ford would amount to over $236,000,000, and if compounded, "as Mr. Ford asks the Government to compound what he pays," the profit at the end of the hundred-year period to Mr. Ford's corporation would be $14,500,000,000—"more than half our total cost of the World War." The report itemizes the various things which the country has been led to believe concerning the offer, and then in turn denies each item. For example, it says: "The country has been given to understand that Mr. Ford has guaranteed to reduce the cost of fertilizer by one-half. He has done nothing of the kind. He has made no guaranty of any kind in the way of reduction of the cost of fertilizer." The report says that the "mind is dazed at the unreasonableness of the proposition," and says that the acceptance of the Ford offer would mean that the fight for conservation was lost. One of the Senators, Mr. Kendrick, of Wyoming, said that he would favor the granting of the lease provided the term was changed from one hundred years to fifty years. The majority, however, were not willing to concur in this.

Senator Norris offers in a bill a plan for the use of the Muscle Shoals water power by a Government-owned and Government-controlled corporation.

It is evident that even those Senators who represent agricultural communities are beginning to see that the inventor of the "flivver" and the cheap farm tractor is but a man, after all, and that no man ought to be endowed by the Government with any such public property.

CONGRESS AND THE TARIFF

THE fight on some of the excessive schedules of the present Tariff Bill seems to have won unexpected and powerful allies. At least it can be said that the high figures proposed by the Finance Committee of the Senate have in two instances undergone drastic revision downward.

The tariff on certain kinds of gloves was severely attacked by Senator Lenroot. He was supported in his position by Senators Borah, Capper, Cummins, Hale, Harreld, Jones of Washington, Kellogg, Keyes, Ladd, Lodge, McCormick, Moses, Nelson, New, Newberry, Phipps, Rawson, Warren, and Willis. The inclusion of Senator Lodge's name in this group has aroused marked comment. The Senators from New York were the leaders in upholding the Finance Committee's rates.

More important than the glove schedule, so far as the country at large is concerned, is the contest on the wool sched-

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ule now under way. In this fight Senator Lenroot is again the leader, and he has been joined by Senator Wadsworth.

HOWELL COMES, CULBERSON GOES

ONE more Republican has beaten a Republican and again the victory has gone to the progressive wing of the dominant party. In Nebraska R. B. Howell has won the Republican nomination for Senator. His opponent was Albert W. Jefferis, now in the House of Representatives. Mr. Howell was a Progressive in 1912, but did not have to desert the Republican State organization to swing its support for Roosevelt. He stayed within the party and carried it bodily into the Progressive camp.

He defeated Victor Rosewater, former Chairman of the Republican National Committee and a standpatter in 1912, for membership in the National Committee. In Nebraska National party committeemen are elected in the primaries, and not by the State delegations to the National Conventions.

Howell has fought against the excess of Southern representation in the National Republican Conventions; he has been an efficient municipal official of Omaha, where he has made public works pay for themselves. Mr. Howell is a "dry." His Democratic opponent at the forthcoming elections, Senator Hitchcock, is a "wet." In Nebraska a "dry" candidate is at a decided advantage.

While the Republican party has been watching developments in Nebraska the Democrats have kept their eyes on Texas. In this State the veteran Senator Charles Culberson has apparently succeeded in winning nothing better than third place in the primary contest for nomination. The winner of first place was Earle B. Mayfield, who had the indorsement of the Ku Klux Klan. Ex-Governor James E. Ferguson has apparently won second place in the primary, and, if this is the case, the second and final primary contest will be between Mayfield and Ferguson. Ferguson is an ex-Governor of Texas who was driven from the Governorship in 1917 after impeachment. The choice between such an ex-official and a Klan-indorsed aspirant is not particularly inviting. Certainly any State which elects a candidate because he is a believer in Klan methods will have departed very far from sound American tradition.

THE TWIN STRIKES

No progress at the beginning of last week seemed to have been made in the settlement of either the strike of the railway shopmen or the strike of the coal miners. There were continued reports of contemplated drastic action on the part of the Government. These, however, were perhaps put out as a means of getting responses from public opinion.

It has become increasingly evident that the coal strike and the railway strike have much in common. Indeed, this is not surprising to those who have followed the course of events from the beginning. As Mr. Helm pointed out in his correspondence to The Outlook long before the coal strike began, both the miners and the railway men recognized the advantage that might accrue to them in a joint strike. Though the railway men and the miners have not been nominally allied in their warfare, they have not done anything to avoid the strategic advantage that has come from having the two strikes occur at the same time. It has been obvious that the railway strikers have profited greatly by the existence of the coal strike. Delays due to lack of coal have naturally been attributed in the public mind to the strike of the railway shopmen, and have thus helped to give these railway strikers prestige which they otherwise would not have had. Conversely, whatever difficulty the railway managers have had in getting their trains moving has helped to hasten the coming of a coal famine, and thus has strengthened the strategic position of the miners.

LOOKING FOR WAYS OUT

PRESIDENT HARDING'S proposal that the miners and operators resume the mining of coal on a compromise arrangement while awaiting the decision of a coal tribunal has apparently been abandoned. At any rate, there has been no indication made public that even the President himself has been bringing further pressure to bear upon the parties for the acceptance of that idea. One representative of the coal operators has urged a commission different in one vital respect from that which the President suggested. According to the President's plan, both operators and miners would have been represented on the tribunal. According to the plan proposed by Mr. A. M. Ogle, President of the National Coal Association, the tribunal should consist solely of representatives of the public at large, without either miners or operators in its membership, though a miner and an operator might serve in a purely advisory capacity. It is a sign of intelligent leadership for the operators to put forth a suggestion of this sort. We believe that the formal tribunal which Mr. Ogle proposes is to be preferred to that which contains in its membership representatives of the disputants.

It is understood that the Attorney-General has ruled that the Government has the right in such an emergency as this to seize both the railways and the mines for operation; and that the Inter-State Commerce Commission has, under these conditions, certain emergency powers which include the granting and withholding of priorities for shipment. Under such powers, the Inter-State Commerce Commission could withhold priority of shipment from mines which charged exorbitant prices for their coal. By this control over inter-State commerce the United States Government could deal in an emergency with both the tie-up in transportation and the famine in coal.

In co-operation with the Inter-State Commerce Commission would naturally be the members of the Cabinet most concerned with the situation—the Secretary of the Interior, who is Mr. Fall; the Attorney-General, who is Mr. Daugherty; and the Secretary of Commerce, who is Mr. Hoover.

It has been understood that the railway strike might have been settled before this by the acquiescence of the men in a plan for a rehearing of their grievance as to wages by the Railroad Labor Board if it had not been for issues that have arisen since the strike. The chief issue that has interfered with the settlement of the strike is that concerning seniority. When the men refused to go back to work, the railways gave them warning that after a certain day they would lose the advantage in promotion that comes to men of long service, and the men who took their places during the strike would have a rating as senior to those former employees who returned after the date mentioned. This loss of seniority is a serious matter for many strikers, and they have been insisting that if they return to work their seniority rights should be restored. Logically, the men have very little on their side; but practically, they have a strong argument by pointing to the precedent that has been obtained in other strikes. Naturally, the railway managers do not wish to strengthen this precedent. In this case we think that the men deserve to lose their seniority rights, and the forfeiture of them will help to establish the authority of the Labor Board, and therefore to promote the public interest.

As these strikes have continued interest in the merits of the dispute as between employers and employees has become naturally submerged in the wider and deeper interest in what is going to happen to the people, who depend for heat in their homes and for their industries upon coal that is still in the mines, and who also depend upon the railways for transportation. Russia

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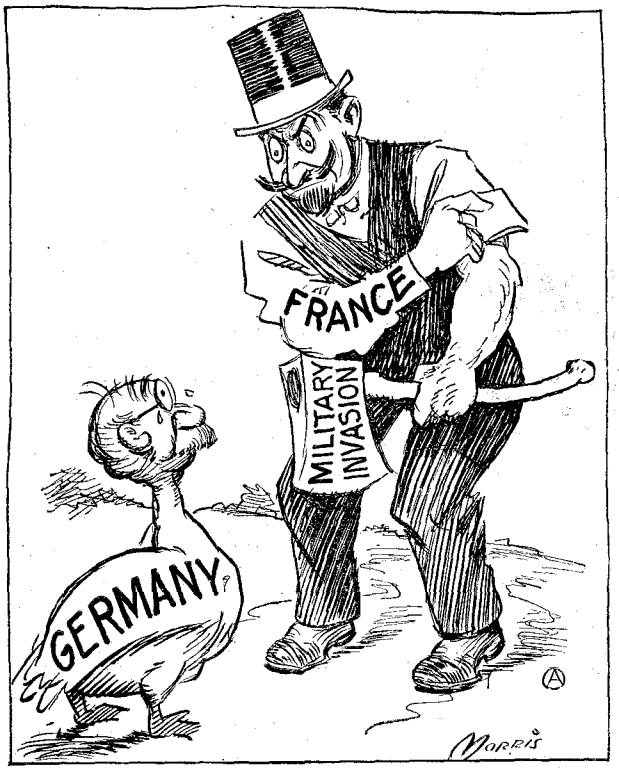
THE DOLE OF BLOWS

(2 Henry IV, Act I, Scene 1)

Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service



Germany: "Would you kill der goose vat lays der golden eggs?"
France: "Not if it laid a few golden eggs, by gar!!"

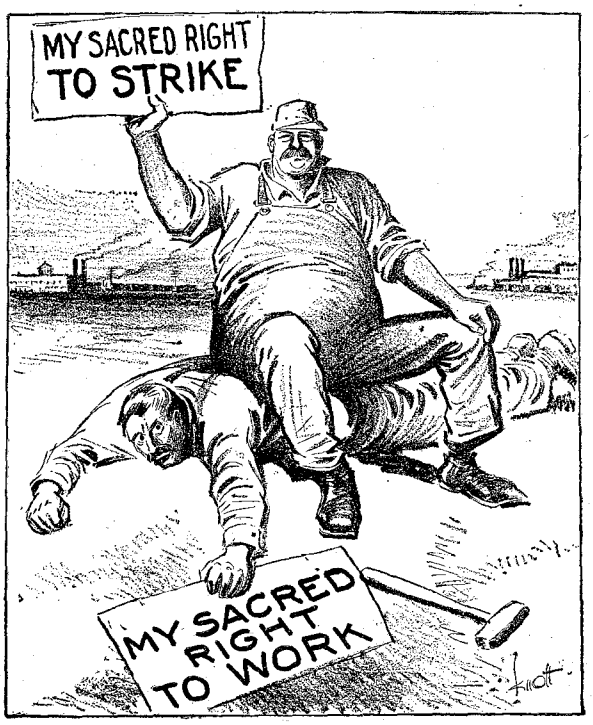
Reid in the National Republican

THE SCORE

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

NOBODY HOME?

Knott in the Dallas News



THE CONFLICT

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THE WHIRLPOOL NEBULA

Most celebrated of the spiral nebulæ, and the first one to be discovered. Photographed at Mount Wilson Observatory. Exposure, 10 hours 45 minutes.

is a good example of what happens to people who get more interested in theories of life than in the practice of living. On another page we tell what we believe ought to be done by the Government in this emergency.

PHOTOGRAPHING A MILLION UNIVERSES

NEVER before in the whole romantic history of astronomy have such amazing possibilities disclosed themselves as those revealed by recent studies of certain flecks of light found in great numbers in the photographic survey of the heavens—the *spiral nebulæ*. As the name implies, these objects have a spiral form, which is more or less evident according to the angle from which they are viewed. In a typical case there is a central nucleus, from which extend two spirally coiled arms, the whole suggesting a Fourth of July pinwheel. These nebulæ are, however, greatly flattened, and hence those that happen to stand in an edgewise position with respect to our line of sight assume the shape of an elongated spindle.

Very few spiral nebulæ were known before the beginning of the present century. One of the few was the famous Whirlpool Nebula, discovered by the Earl of Rosse in 1845 with what was then by far the largest telescope in the world. The fact that there are something like *a million* of these bodies in the sky within the range of observation was one of the astounding revelations of celestial photography. Most of them are invisible to the human eye, aided by the most powerful of telescopes, but impress their images on the more sensitive photographic plate, exposed for periods extending, in some cases, to ten or twelve hours.

What are the spiral nebulæ? Most astronomers believe that they are enormously remote compared with other celestial objects. There are other nebulæ in the sky—masses of glowing gas or cosmic dust lighted up by stars in their midst, or, most interesting of all, *dark* clouds of gas or dust seen in silhouette against a starry background—all of which are no more distant, on an average, than the majority of stars visible in the telescope. These nebulæ, together with perhaps a thousand million stars, including our own sun, constitute what is called the Galactic Universe. The text-books of a few years ago compared its shape to that of a grindstone, our solar system being somewhere near the middle. Looking toward the edge of the grindstone, we see the stars apparently crowded in a belt that encircles the sky—the Galaxy, or Milky Way. In other directions the stars seem widely scattered, because we look through a comparatively thin layer of them into outer space.

This comparison to a grindstone no longer seems apt, because it implies that our system has a more or less circular outline, whereas the belief is rapidly gaining ground that *the Galactic Universe is a spiral nebula.*

And now we come to the most stupendous guess of all—it is still only a guess, though a very plausible one—that every one of the spiral nebulæ, of which so many thousands have been photographed, is itself a vast universe of stars!

Some decidedly discordant estimates have lately been published as to the size of the Galactic Universe. The most conservative of these assigns to it a diameter of about 30,000 light-years. Light, which performs the journey of 93,000,000 miles from the sun to the earth in eight minutes, requires, according to the estimate just quoted, 30,000 years to cross our universe of stars.

Where, then, are the *other* universes—the spiral nebulæ? Is space big enough to hold them all?

A current estimate places the nearest of them at a distance of something like 500,000 light-years from our system, while to the most remote of those that have hitherto been photographed is ascribed the altogether inconceivable distance of a hundred million light-years!

These figures suggest an interesting reflection. If they are correct, our photographs of the most distant spirals do not show these objects as they are today, but as they were a hundred million years ago. In other words, our pictures are retrospective views that span unthinkable æons of time as well as incalculable depths of space.

A NATIONAL EMERGENCY

SUPREME over every other interest is the interest of all the people.

The coal strike and the railway strike have now created a situation in which the interest of all the people is involved.

Justice demands that in any action to be taken the interest of the miners, the interest of the mine operators, the interest of the railway employees, and the interest of the railway managers shall be subordinated to the people's interest.

Therefore all questions as to whether the miners' wages are too high or too low, as to whether the mine operators shall negotiate with the miners by districts or Nationally, as to whether the railway employees are paid in proportion to their service or have sacrificed their seniority rights by striking, must be regarded as secondary to the right of the people of this country to have their highways kept open and their resources made available for their use.

No group, whether it consists of laborers or of capitalists, has any right to prevent the people of the country from using their highways and their resources. Every corporation or associa-

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tion of men is but an instrument created or permitted to exist by the people for the purpose of contributing to the common welfare. The creature has no right that is paramount to the rights of its creator. Though all this has been denied in Russia, it is still alphabetic in America.

Nobody who knows the American people imagines that they will willingly acquiesce in any proposal that they surrender their rights and their authority and their sovereignty in order to enable employers and employees in such basic industries as coal mining and transportation to settle their disputes by continuing a generally destructive industrial war to the last ditch.

The alternative to industrial war in disputes of this kind is a tribunal which shall hear all the evidence and render an authoritative judgment.

In the case of the railways such a tribunal already exists. This is the Railroad Labor Board. In the dispute which occasioned the present industrial war waged by the railway shopmen this tribunal had already rendered its decision. In choosing industrial war instead of the further use of the tribunal which the people had erected the railway shopmen have defied and are continuing to defy the right and interest of all the people. They are clearly in the wrong.

In the case of the coal industry no such tribunal exists, but one has been proposed by the President. In rejecting the President's proposal for a tribunal, without proposing anything else in its place except a continuance of industrial war, the miners have put themselves in a position that is hostile to the interest and rights of the people. They too now are clearly in the wrong.

Whether the railway managers have refused to abide by the legitimate decisions of the Railroad Labor Board or not is a matter of dispute. In one instance at least the question has been brought before the courts, where such a question belongs. If and in so far as the railway managers have interfered with the proper function of the Railroad Labor Board, they too are in the wrong as well as the striking shopmen. Whether the mine operators have accepted the President's proposal honestly and in good faith is also disputed. On the face of the reports the operators have not opposed the establishment of such a tribunal as the President offered to establish. If and in so far as they have put obstacles in the way of the establishment of such a tribunal, they too are in the wrong as well as the striking miners. We do not doubt, however, for a moment that if the railway employees now on strike would say definitely that they would submit their case to the Railroad Labor Board and if the miners either accepted the President's proposed tribunal or definitely themselves proposed an alternative tribunal equally or more certainly impartial, both industrial wars would cease. In both cases the responsibility for the continuance of the war rests upon the strikers and their leaders.

Since in both strikes the men seem unwilling voluntarily to chose the judgment of a tribunal in preference to the verdict of industrial war, and possibly the operators and managers are ready to accept the war which the men have chosen, the Government should exercise its authority to compel both sides in each controversy, subordinating their own demands to the rights and interests of all the people, either under some compromise arrangement to supply the people with fuel and transportation or to make way for those who will. Coercion under such circumstances is no more slavery than is conscription in time of war. A government that shows its determination to protect the general right is likely to find it unnecessary to go to extremes in exercising its authority.

In providing for the emergency on the railway the Government has already means at hand which it can use. It has the Railroad Labor Board, it has the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and it has the power to order priority of shipment, rationing of materials, and the prosecution of those who interfere by conspiracy or otherwise with the operation of its orders.

In providing for the emergency in coal, the Government, without delay and without further waiting for acquiescence on the part of either party to the dispute, should establish a non-partisan, not a bi-partisan, tribunal to examine the immediate situation and provide such scales of wages and such regulations as will serve for temporary purposes.

But for permanent relief there is need of a coal commission such as The Outlook has repeatedly advocated. This should be established by law and empowered to get all the facts relating to the coal industry that are ascertainable and to propose a plan for the conduct of the industry that will be adapted to its peculiar factors both human and material, and will enable and encourage co-operation between management and men. As long as industry is organized in such a way as to throw labor and management into hostile groups, so long will there be the constant peril of industrial war. It is essential that from such a basic industry as that which supplies the people with fuel the peril of war should be removed. Therefore in the coal industry it is important that organization should be such as to insure constant consultation between those who provide the labor and those who provide the capital and the direction of the industry. This is the essential principle of the shop committee. For any permanent settlement of the problem of coal production without recourse to destructive strikes such a coal commission must provide for some way by which agreement shall be reached between men and managers on the basis of understanding rather than force.

AN EDITOR AND HIS PROFESSION

ONE of the most important figures in American journalism passed when Charles Ransom Miller, Editor-in-Chief of the New York "Times" for forty years, died on July 18. The editorial page of the "Times" under his guardianship has been a credit to the profession to which he devoted his life. One does not need to be in sympathy with the views expressed in that page to recognize that it represented a steadfast, philosophic point of view; that it treated the affairs of the Nation with conscientious dignity even when it lacked the brilliancy of utterance of the older American tradition. It was not the editorial page of a Dana, but it was better suited to the needs of the present than the more personal editorial methods which flourished a generation or so ago.

The qualifications which bring leadership to a modern newspaper were never better expressed than by Mr. Miller in a statement to a committee of the Senate in 1915:

> Every newspaper that enjoys continuity of existence and management has a certain body of principles. They are called the policy of the paper. Those are the principles and beliefs that guide its expressions and opinions. The men who express those opinions are the editorial writers. . . . They are men. They wear neither halos nor horns. They form their opinions just as other men form their opinions, by observation and reflection and information. . . . But each paper has a body of principles that guide its utterances, and the men who write those principles believe them. Nobody in the "Times" office is ever asked to write what he does not believe.

The true test of the work of writers who practice their profession under such a tradition is to be found in another statement made by Mr. Miller before that same committee:

> We appear before the jury every day. We appear before the grand inquisition, one of the largest courts in history; we are judged at the breakfast table. We feel that if we

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were improperly influenced by anybody outside of the office there is none so quick to discover that as the readers of the paper.

To grant freely that the editorial page of the "Times" under Mr. Miller was guided by the principles which he enunciated is not to say that it was not influenced by prejudices which revealed themselves in blindness to certain social developments and to the real news value of certain facts. By the pseudo-radical, sure of his own infallibility, these evidences of blindness were taken as proof of a capitalistic conspiracy to suppress the truth. The "New Republic" once devoted a large part of an issue to an endeavor to show that the "Times" willfully misrepresented news from Bolshevist Russia. It certainly showed that there were important inaccuracies in the news reports of the "Times," and perhaps a willingness to believe the worst of a Government which has since exceeded the utmost limits of past condemnations. Such omissions and interpretations make just grounds for no charge of conspiracy. At the most they are merely corroborative evidence that the editors of the "Times" "wear neither halos nor horns," and that "they form their opinions just as other men form their opinions, by observation and reflection and information."

Within the acknowledged limitations which Mr. Miller defined, and these limitations will always exist, the modern newspaper, of which the "Times" is perhaps the pre-eminent American example, plays an increasingly important part in our National life. As the world has narrowed, so the field of journalism has expanded. The eyes of the journalist are on the far corners of the earth. They must see beyond men and immediate events and take cognizance of those currents of history which are molding the world of to-morrow. In so far as they can gauge those currents, measure their velocities, search out their origins, they can do much to turn them into channels that lead to the growth and not the retrogression of civilization.

Mr. Miller was a man aware of his responsibilities, and he bore them with little thought of personal reputation or reward.

THE LEGION AND THE DISABLED VETERAN

THERE are certain psychological tests in which the victim is placed in a chair and the examiner proceeds to roll off a series of single-worded questions. The victim is supposed promptly to fire back the first word that comes into his mind. It works something like this:

Q. Goldfish?
A. Salmon.
Q. Stew?
A. Slum.
Q. Front?
A. Hoboken.
Q. Work?
A. Paper.
Q. Kitchen?
A. Police.

"Aha!" says the examiner; "you were a soldier during the World War. Probably in the Quartermaster's Corps. But you didn't get overseas. Am I right?"

The victim acknowledges the truth of the charge and departs abashed at the omniscience of the examiner.

All of which is a roundabout introduction to the statement that if the American public were confronted with such a questionnaire, and if in that questionnaire occurred the word, Legion? at least ninety per cent of that public would roar out the word, "Bonus!" Whether the public favored or opposed that bonus, the answer would be the same. In the public mind the Legion is identified almost wholly with the Bonus Bill. The Bonus Bill likewise means, in the public mind, large cash payments to able-bodied veterans. That the Bonus Bill is not better understood and that the Legion should be identified only with a garbled version of that bill is a matter to be regretted profoundly.

Back of the agitation for the real Bonus Bill lies a feeling among the veterans that the American people have forgotten them, and the basis for this feeling is to be found very largely in the neglect and mistreatment of our disabled soldiers.

Public opinion to the contrary, the Legion has devoted the greatest part of its effort, not to the bonus, but to the protection and care of these disabled men. Whether or not the Legion has been remiss in its failure to make this clearly understood is a subject which is not now under discussion.

The story of the Legion's fight for the disabled men has been told in recent numbers of the "American Legion Weekly" by Mr. Marquis James, a writer whom we know to be a careful and responsible correspondent. We shall endeavor to summarize some of the chief points in his articles as they have been running through the months of June and July.

THE LEGION'S FIGHT

In 1919 the Legion began its fight for adequate care of the disabled veterans. It found that the public had accepted promises from the Government as a substitute for the fulfillment of those promises. The problem of caring for the disabled veterans Mr. James succinctly puts in the following words:

> In the rehabilitation of a disabled man there are three things to be done. He must have physical, financial, and industrial assistance. He must be placed in a hospital and given treatment until his health has been restored or improved as far as lies within the power of medical science. When physically able, he must begin his training for re-entry into self-supporting life. Usually this means the selection and mastery of a new calling which will be possible under the handicap of infirmity. During all this time and until he is vocationally rehabilitated he must receive financial aid to compensate for loss or diminution of earning power. In case of permanent disability, affecting earning power through life, this financial aid, or compensation, must be perpetual.

At the time when the Legion started its campaign there were three separate agencies attempting to solve the problem. Says Mr. James:

> Medical care was in the hands of the United States Public Health Service. Utterly unprepared, without adequate hospitals, facilities, or personnel, and no clear way by which to get them, it failed deplorably, and out of this failure grew up the vicious contract hospital system, the practice of farming out these precious wards of the Government to private, municipal, county, and State hospitals and institutions. The industrial end of the question fell to the Federal Board for Vocational Education, which was created for the purpose at the beginning of the war and which had months to prepare for its task before any of the wounded came home. Millions were appropriated for the use of the Board. It was this Federal Board which promised most and accomplished least of any of the three agencies. Here, with the least excuse, the failure was greatest. The Bureau of War Risk Insurance, another war-time creation, was charged with the compensation of all disabled not actually in training under the Board. The Board compensated the men in training.

THE VETERANS BUREAU ORGANIZED

At the end of a campaign which lasted for two years these three agencies were united in the Veterans Bureau as a result of the passage of the Sweet Bill, for which the late Commander Galbraith labored long and hard. On the face of it the Legion had received all that it had asked for, but, as often happens in Governmental affairs, a law on the books is not always a law in the hand. The new Bureau was assigned to Mr. Charles R. Forbes, its present head. Mr. James says:

> The situation that Mr. Forbes took over was still shockingly bad in nearly all departments. Knowing this, the Legion did not expect instantaneous results. Mr. Forbes was assured of this. He was promised complete co-operation. The Legion pledged him every aid and undertook

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to withhold public criticism and to suspend judgment until he had been given a thorough opportunity to demonstrate his ability to untangle the skein.

In fulfillment of this promise the Legion has placed a liaison officer in each of the fourteen regional districts into which the Bureau has divided the country and has kept the mechanism of its entire organization at the disposal of the Bureau. Mr. James says positively that the Legion supports the Veterans Bureau and its present administration. This fact, however, does not keep him from frank and constructive criticism of its activities:

> Ten months have passed since Mr. Forbes took the reins. What the Legion has done in this time has been done without comment, except such as would tend to reassure the veterans and the public and avert too hasty judgment. Most of what the public and the veterans have been permitted to read of the Bureau has emanated from the Bureau's publicity office in Washington. It is to be regretted that these utterances have frequently been misleading. We have read repeatedly of the staggering sums the Government is spending on the disabled. Just now it is spending money at the rate of $528,600,000 a year, and the President's signature to the new Langley Bill increases this total to $545,600,000, or as much as it cost to run the whole United States Government twenty-five years ago. We hear that 30,000 men are in hospitals, that 109,000 are taking vocational training. The inference is that all is lovely.
>
> This inference is false. It is not a question of how much is spent, but how wisely it is spent. Thirty thousand men in hospitals means little unless we know they are in fit hospitals and that there are no others not in hospitals who should be there. And we know the contrary of this to be true. One hundred and nine thousand men in vocational training is significant only if these men are getting training which will enable them to come back to your town and mine and earn a living. Such is not the case. So much for figures as instruments of propaganda.

Between the half-billion dollars which the Government is spending annually for the disabled veteran intervenes what Mr. James calls the "old familiar bucket brigade—the silhouettes of Incompetence, Jealousy, Mismanagement, Greed, Waste, Extravagance, and Shortsightedness." Politics has interested itself in the thousands of appointments to be made within the Bureau. People and communities have fought for and against the location of hospitals on grounds which had nothing to do with expected benefits for the disabled.

The Legion, as the United States should be, is dissatisfied with such a situation. Perhaps the most striking failure of the Government's agencies for the care of disabled soldiers is to be found in the lack of hospital facilities. The Surgeon-General of the Public Health Service in 1919 accurately foretold the number of beds needed for the care of our ex-soldiers. It was not until 1921 that Congress appropriated over $18,000,000 to commence an adequate programme of construction. Fifteen months have passed, and the Veterans Bureau has available but one-seventh of the number of beds which the programme calls for at the present time. All these beds are in remodeled structures or additions to previously existing institutions.

WHERE THE BLAME LIES

The failure of this programme Mr. James lays to the office of the supervising architect in the Treasury and to Brigadier-General Charles E. Sawyer. The story of the interference with this programme is too long to be given here. It should be said, however, that the White Committee, charged with the selection of the sites for the new hospitals is exonerated by Mr. James from any share in the delay.

Apparently the delays caused by the supervising architect's office were delays of the ordinary bureaucratic variety. General Sawyer, chief co-ordinator of the Federal Board of Hospitalization, does not escape so easily. Mr. James quotes a letter from A. A. Sprague, Chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, which was written to Mr. Dawes, the former Director of the Budget. Mr. Sprague wrote:

> I know of no one thing that has so constantly and consistently tended to upset and unsettle the general hospital situation as have the suggestions, attempted rulings, and changes of the chief co-ordinator. I feel very strongly that the ill-considered use of figures, and statements that are not capable of proof, in regard to adequate facilities and proper care of disabled ex-service men will do incalculable harm, at first to mislead the public and later when they have been disproved, as they must be by the Legion, if no one else, it will shake confidence in the Administration and the integrity of its assertions that it is doing everything in its power to give proper facilities, treatment, and care.

More than $18,000,000 was made available for hospital construction by the recently passed Langley Bill. The Legion sees no hope of having this money promptly and efficiently spent unless the Director of the Veterans Bureau be permitted to use it without interference from the powers which hampered previous progress. Although the law specifically places responsibility upon the Veterans Bureau, there are signs that its provisions are being subverted.

The tragedy of men whose minds have been destroyed or unsettled in the war, the tragedy of tuberculous veterans housed in inadequate hospitals, the tragedy of wounded soldiers farmed out to contract hospitals—one of the great States of the Union has been discovered making a large profit from the sick soldiers intrusted to its care—is more vivid, perhaps, but hardly less injurious to the Nation than the tragedy of the men whom the Government has promised to retrain for civilian life. These men number more than 100,000, and the estimate of the failure of the Government to fulfill its promises to these men runs from a minimum of twenty-five per cent to a maximum of seventy-five per cent. The Director of the Veterans Bureau himself estimates that the percentage of failures is at least thirty per cent. Mr. James says:

> The principal factors responsible for this state of affairs are these: Men misplaced; . . . men who have been so improperly cared for that their interest has become dissipated; drones, "gold-brickers," and incorrigible students; incompetent and dishonest schools; the manifold deficiencies of "placement training;" the general failure of the administrative mechanism of the training project to function, with particular reference to the selection of vocational objectives and the supervision of men in training.
>
> None of these shortcomings originated with the Veterans Bureau, though some have continued under it without abatement until very lately. But on the whole the Bureau has tackled these evils with energy and some effect. The Bureau inherited a shockingly bad condition. The old Federal Board for Vocational Education was supremely incapable. Its first policy was to make training as difficult to get as possible. Smoked out of that position by the Legion, it went to the other extreme and made training too easy to get. Thousands of men were pitched into training when they had no business there. Schools unfit, courses all wrong, vocational advice and supervision a joke—what did it matter? The cry was get the men in training and stop the criticism.
>
> There was also another motive, and a worthy one. The Federal Board became decentralized and able to reach the men in their home communities before the War Risk Bureau did. Board agents found hundreds of men helplessly disabled and in pitiful need because the War Risk Bureau had not got around to them with compensation. The Board made a practice of placing such men in training—or, at any rate, on the training pay-roll—simply as a humanitarian measure of financial relief. In this manner the Board probably saved men's lives, even if it did further complicate the training question.

What the misplacing of men may mean is graphically illustrated by a story which Mr. James tells of a boy of Italian extraction in Massachusetts who was forced to peg shoes with a machine-gunned arm for a year when all the time he wanted to grow flowers. He escaped from training to a greenhouse, and a few months later won a sweepstakes ribbon for his chrysanthemums at the National Flower Show.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE MISPLACED

Of the present situation Mr. James, speaking for the "American Legion Weekly," says:

> Mr. Forbes is doing some fore-

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sighted things in the realm of vocational training. Mistakes have been made, but bad conditions are being corrected probably about as fast as is humanly possible, considering circumstances. The scandalous hospital situation of course has first call. But Mr. Forbes brings about, tolerates, or has thrust upon him some things which are not so easily understood. At a recent conference held in Washington to consider means of improving certain phases of vocational training a resolution was adopted and widely published. It begins:

"The work of the Veterans Bureau (with reference to vocational training) is being conducted with gratifying success."

The "Weekly" believes it is being "conducted toward success." But there is a long road to travel.

Mr. James's articles present as careful and as full a summary of the situation of the disabled veteran as we have seen anywhere. The Legion has the facts and the means of following developments which are possessed by no other organization. If these facts are properly presented to the Nation, the time will come when the reaction of public opinion to the test word:

"Legion?"

will be an instantaneous cry of:

"Justice for the disabled!"

It will certainly be a fairer reaction than the present cry of "Bonus!" The Legion must give to the public constant and reiterated information concerning the status of our war-crippled men. It will find that the public has not forgotten its wounded soldiers; but it has been ignorant of the state in which they have been living. The widest publicity will be a powerful support to the Legion in its furtherance of a campaign deserving of the utmost success.

GERMAN DEMOCRACY IN DANGER

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM EUROPE

BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

RECENT events in Germany mark the difference between an inveterately traditional form of government and a new and untried form.

Old ideas—political, economic, social—are being upset. Hence one cannot expect to find a republican Germany without monarchic reaction. Indeed, after a residence in Germany some sturdy republicans from other countries despair of ever seeing there any republic on sure foundations.

These critics point, first, to the ineradicable German instinct towards dependence on and passive obedience to some higher, by-God's-grace, power in the state, instead of on a state made by and representing themselves, the real rulers.

Second, in a land where force, as expressing law and order, is the language still most easily understood the army, these critics note, has always meant, not popular, but royal or imperial, rule.

Third, apart from the Socialists, so slight was the pre-war republican movement in Germany as to seem almost nonexistent; practically all the powerful political forces have been monarchist.

To most Germans, therefore, a republican form of government seems unnatural—as it were, a very unnecessary copying of the Swiss and French governmental forms. To hold this opinion is to take a sober, mature, firm stand. But the old-line Teutons become angered and infuriated when they learn of any courteous, especially of any docile or submissive, word from the new German Government towards those of the Entente Powers in carrying out the terms of the Versailles Treaty. It would be bad enough if these words came from princes and aristocrats. But to have them come from the middle and lower middle classes—and in the name of the whole German realm!—this is too much for princes and aristocrats.

They have been impelled to counter-strokes. We saw the short-lived Kapp-Lüttwitz *coup d'état*. It only strengthened the Republic. Then, to gain time, instead of another frontal attack, the monarchists and militarists fell back on the temporary measure of individual attack. The Erzberger murder last August was an example of this.

But the idea of a possibly necessary wholesale massacre has not been absent from the extremist mind. Reactionary newspapers have been hinting at a new Saint Bartholomew's. Towards this recent events have tended. In them all has been increasingly evident the monarchist accent—in the teaching by left-over staffs at schools and universities; in army reviews, regimental feastings, celebrations of battle anniversaries; in Ludendorff's statement that Germany needed a dictator, a man on horseback; in the Prussian pilgrimage to the ex-Empress's tomb; in the Bavarian demonstration, led by ex-Premier Kahr, crying *"Vivat Rupertus Rex!"* finally, the day before Foreign Minister Rathenau's murder (the signal for a reactionary rising), in ex-Vice-Chancellor Helfferich's violent Reichstag speech. "A Government like ours," said Helfferich, "having abandoned to the enemy important parts of German sovereignty, ought to be summoned before a High Court of Justice. The continuation of our [Rathenau's] present foreign policy is leading to a catastrophe. We must show the enemy that there are still *men* in Germany. . . . Only the monarchy can again give to Germany the sentiment of her dignity and the consciousness of her possible force."

The old Junkerdom was thus raising its reactionary head against the new democracy.

Then came the Rathenau assassination, revealing anew the power of monarchist organizations, like the "Consul," for instance; a detachment of it had been, it is said, specially charged with the suppression of certain political personalities. It planned Erzberger's assassination, it is claimed, and is generally credited with the attempt to murder Scheidemann. Created at Munich, it has extended itself all over Germany. Following the Rathenau murder, under the guise of a meeting of protest against the Versailles Treaty, a mobilization of forces was to have been attempted.

But the reactionaries, blinded by political passion, did not foresee the real effect of the Rathenau crime upon the people and the Government.

The people gathered by the thousand in Munich and Berlin. They condemned as masqueraders those who professed allegiance to law and order while they were supporting a policy of assassination. In Berlin the meetings were the more impressive, not only because the city is by far the largest in Germany (Greater Berlin actually containing more than 4,000,000 people), but also because it is the center of German political activity. The meetings, with their banners and cries of "Hang Helfferich," left no doubt that, whatever the provinces might think, the center of German life is republican in sentiment.

As to the Government, Chancellor Wirth at once proclaimed in Parliament: *"Es geht nicht weiter,"* or, as we might say, "This thing has got to stop." Here is the rejoinder of Dr. Wirth and his colleagues. By laws pressed through Parliament (already approved by the Council of the Realm), the Government plan to—

(1) Impose the death penalty on all members of secret societies concerned in planning the assassination of a Government official;

(2) Impose penal servitude on those who know of the existence of such societies and who do not inform the authorities, or who assist such societies, or who insult either a Government official, the Government flag, or the Constitution;

(3) Expel from Germany any person guilty of any offense should he be a member of a former reigning family;

(4) Establish a special tribunal to deal with revolutionary crimes;

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(5) Invest the Government with special power over newspapers which encourage revolutionary agitation.

So much for legislation. As to administration, the promptness of the police in tracing the Rathenau assassins is silencing the Socialistic critics on the Government side who have been claiming that monarchist and militarist fugitives from justice can always count on police protection. The revelations now made of the connection between the Rathenau assassins and the monarchist organizations are not only compromising for the reactionaries but are proportionately strengthening the Republic.

All German monarchists are not militarists. All German monarchists are not reactionaries. Many monarchists are sincere upholders of law and order. Some of them even admire a republican form of government. But they are convinced that Germany is not yet ready for it, and perhaps never will be.

These particular monarchists, unfortunately, lack powerful leaders at present. The monarchist leaders who have the upper hand are those who have, in general, lost the world's confidence. Their present policy and methods only emphasize the world's judgment.

Keystone

GERMANS PARADING IN BERLIN CARRYING A PLACARD WHICH CALLS FOR IMMEDIATE IMPRISONMENT FOR LUDENDORFF, HELFFERICH, AND ESCHERICH

Such a method as political assassination has not killed the Republic. The murder of the Republic's Foreign Minister was indeed a body blow. It showed that democratic Germany was in danger; but it awakened her energies. She is marching on.

Territet, Switzerland, July 6, 1922.

FURTHER MARTIAL ADVENTURES OF HENRY AND ME

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY H. J. HASKELL, OF THE KANSAS CITY "STAR"

"THE Martial Adventures of Henry and Me" on the battle-front in France, which William Allen White described so entertainingly four years ago, is to have another chapter. In this one the old comrades of Armageddon, of the Red Cross, and of a score of hard-fought political fights appear no longer as allies, but as antagonists. To-day William Allen White is under bond awaiting trial on a charge ordered made by his old friend, Henry J. Allen, Governor of Kansas.

The clash came over the method of enforcement of the Kansas Industrial Court Law, which was enacted at the instance of Governor Allen, with the hearty support of Mr. White. Briefly, Mr. White believed the Governor was violating the fundamental right of free speech in enforcing the law. Governor Allen insisted that the question was not one of free speech, but of conspiracy to nullify the law. It was a conflict that grew rather naturally out of the editor's concern with fundamental principles of democracy and the executive's preoccupation with the duty of law enforcement.

The Industrial Court Act grew out of the coal strike of 1919. Under the leadership of Governor Allen, William Allen White ardently co-operating, the Kansas Legislature undertook to do away with strikes in essential industries. It provided an Industrial Court to pass on disputes in such industries, and made the strike unlawful. It not only provided for the punishment of strike leaders, but it guaranteed protection to all workers and prohibited strikers from using violence, intimidation, threats, or persuasion in order to deter men who wish to work in an industry from so doing. In short, it prohibited picketing.

When the strike of the railway shopmen began, the State issued warrants for about fifty of the leaders in the State and then devoted itself to protecting the men who were employed to replace the strikers in the shops. Various forms of picketing were tried and broken up by the State Government. Then the leaders in the shop centers visited hotels, restaurants, and grocery stores and induced the owners—frequently under compulsion—to refuse accommodations to any of the strike-breakers. The State interpreted this as picketing and forced its discontinuance. The leaders finally resorted to placards saying: "We are for the striking railway men 100 per cent. We are for a living wage and fair living conditions." These were put up in the windows of restaurants and stores. The Attorney-General held that they were simply another form of picketing, intended to break down the efforts of the railways to maintain an essential industry, and Governor Allen ordered them removed.

Numerous placards had been put in store windows at Emporia, the home of William Allen White. When they were ordered out, he felt that the State's action was a blow at a right that was essential to democratic government. So he sent out for a placard and put it up in the office of his newspaper, the Emporia "Gazette."

He struck out the figures "100" and wrote in "50," explaining that he was 50 per cent for the strikers; he felt their demands were just, but he was opposed to the strike as the means of winning them. Then he gave out a statement in which he said: "The right of free utterance of honest opinions is a fundamental right. . . . To restrict any man from the calm expression of an honest opinion merely because there is a strike in Kansas is unwise. Industrial questions are not honestly settled by a suppression of free utterance, either by speech or by the press, . . . so long as the opinion is orderly and temperate and decent."

To this Governor Allen replied that free speech or liberty of the press was not involved. Mr. White, he said, was free to discuss the strike in his paper from any angle. But he held that the law was violated when the Emporia editor joined with the strike leaders "in an organized effort to build up in all shop

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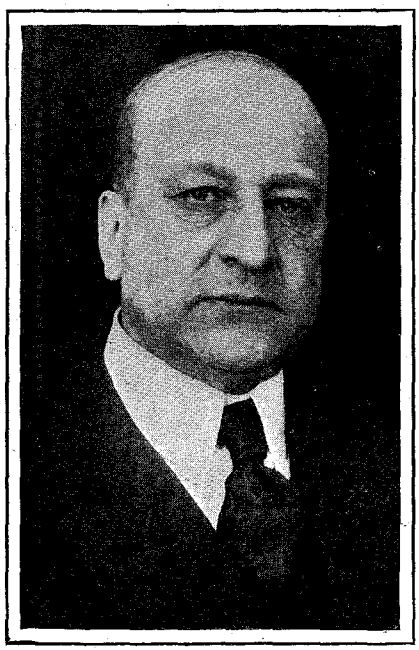

(C) Paul Thompson

HENRY

Paul Thompson

AND ME

centers against those who were at work an atmosphere of hostility by hanging in the windows of the stores a card prepared by the strike leaders declaring that store was in favor of the strike and the strikers. This movement is interpreted to be a well-organized conspiracy for the purpose of aiding the strikers to stop transportation. It was their effort to line up the entire community in an expression which would increase the hostility toward the men who are at work and make more difficult the operation of the railway industry that constitutes the offense against the Industrial Court Act."

In other words, Mr. White was concerned with general principles; Governor Allen, with a definite situation considered in connection with what had gone before. Mr. White felt it was unwise to administer the law in such a way as to seem to suppress a fundamental American right. Governor Allen believed it was not free speech, but disguised coercion.

After a vain endeavor to persuade Mr. White to accept the State's interpretation of the law Governor Allen reluctantly ordered a complaint to be sworn out against his old friend. It charged him with entering into a conspiracy to picket the employees of the Santa Fé Railroad shops at Emporia and thus impede transportation, an essential industry. The case will be heard in the district court at Emporia in October. Meanwhile Mr. White has taken down his offending sign and has appealed to the strikers to discontinue the use of the placards until after the court decision. In his statement he says that he has always criticised corporations that persisted in defying the State's interpretation of the law while the matter was pending in court. At the same time he expresses his admiration for Governor Allen. "In administering the law as he sees it," Mr. White says, "he has been brave and patriotic. The 'Gazette' does not agree with him in the action which seems to suppress the fundamental right of free speech." In a statement Governor Allen outlines the differences between them, but adds: "The friendship of all these years cannot be broken by the differences in our opinion as to what constitutes a violation of the law."

There can be no question of the honesty and sincerity of both men, or of the essential identity of their aims. It is unfortunate that such an issue should have been permitted to develop to obscure the great experiment now being undertaken in Kansas to determine whether industrial warfare can be superseded by adjudication in court.

Kansas City, Missouri, July 23, 1922.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE STATES HIS OWN CASE

TO Mr. Haskell's clear summary of the Kansas situation which has resulted in the arrest of William Allen White we append two telegrams. One is from Ernest H. Abbott, Secretary of the Outlook Company to Mr. White. The other is Mr. White's reply.

New York, July 24, 1922.

William Allen White,
Emporia, Kansas.

Are the men you sympathize with getting higher or lower than the average Kansas wage? Is Kansas law unjust or discriminatory? In our opinion, America has been sought by foreign workers because of better working and living conditions here. Do you agree in general, and is your antagonism to the present laws a protest against National or Kansas conditions? We recognize the occasional necessity of increasing wages, although the cost of living is thereby increased. Does such a necessity exist in Kansas at present? Have you a plan to solve railroad and coal strikes? Can you telegraph reply at our expense to reach us Tuesday morning, our press day?

ERNEST H. ABBOTT,
The Outlook.

Emporia, Kansas, July 24-25, 1922.

Ernest Abbott,
Care of Outlook,
381 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Your questions are all beside the point. I have no expert knowledge, and but passing interest in railroad wages in Kansas or elsewhere. I was arrested for exposing a poster on the "Gazette" bulletin board. The poster declared, "We are for the striking railroad men fifty per cent. We are for a living wage and fair working conditions." This was modified from a poster issued by the Strikers' Committee, declaring, "We are for the striking railroad men one hundred per cent." I did not go one hundred per cent because I honestly believe that the strikers have a good cause but a bad strike. But the Governor and the Attorney-General, however, felt that my poster was incendiary, and I felt that I should defy their order to take it down, in order to test the question whether or not in a State wherein no martial law has been declared, where not a gun has been fired, and wherein there has been no bloodshed, the utterance of any opinion about a strike temperately made and issued in an orderly manner is not a citizen's right. That is all there is to my arrest. It is a question for the courts to decide. It has nothing to do with wages or with the Industrial Court Law. I am indicted with two men I never saw and never heard of, two strikers, and we are charged with a conspiracy to stop the Santa Fé trains. It's too much for me to understand if that is good law. And this is not an ex-parte statement, but the whole truth so far as my own connection with the case. The State Administration holds that this placard is picketing, and it is with violating the anti-picketing law that I am charged. You may make any use that you please to make of this information above.

Truly,
W. A. WHITE.

Mr. White is a good friend of ours, as he is of thousands of others. Our telegram was a friendly inquiry which, in spite of Mr. White's statement, we still think was pertinent. He says he is fifty per cent for the strikers. We wanted to know about that fifty per cent. He says that the strikers have a good cause, but a bad strike. We wanted to know why he thought their cause good. We wish he had told us.—THE EDITORS.

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IRISH PORTRAITS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM IRELAND

BY NIALL RONAN

FOR the first time in many centuries there have been genuine rebels in Ireland. That is to say, a body of persons have revolted against the freely expressed will of the Irish people and against their own legally constituted Government. "Easter Week Repeats Itself," said a placard of the insurgents in Dublin on the day the Four Courts were retaken. Like many another propagandist assertion, that was untrue. The rising of Easter week, 1916, whatever may be thought of its wisdom, was the protest of a band of young idealists against a foreign domination, and one which they firmly believed was determined to embark on the hopeless enterprise of trying to convert a nation of natural soldiers into unwilling conscripts by force of arms.

CHILDERS RUNS THE GAMUT

In 1916 Erskine Childers, one of the chief insurgents to-day, was fighting in the British army. We do not call him a rebel now, nor then, as he is an Englishman. His cousin, Captain Robert Barton, was in charge of the Sinn Fein prisoners after the Easter rising, being then an Imperial officer. Soon afterwards he resigned his commission and was imprisoned for making a seditious speech. He escaped from Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, it is said, in the following fashion: A lady friend visited him. Concealed under her own clothing she smuggled to him his complete uniform as an officer in the crown forces. When she had gone, he changed into these garments and walked out through the main gate of the prison, and was saluted as he went by the guard. All this was done of course by bribing some prison official. Last week Mr. Barton was again arrested in the residence of Mr. Childers, on the outskirts of Dublin. A friend who lives a few doors from the place told me that the National troops tried to get in, but at first thought that the house was empty. They surrounded it, and found Mr. Barton hiding in the back garden, the frightened-looking little son of Mr. Childers peering out from a top window meantime. The prisoner was marched to an armored car at the end of the road. Mrs. Childers must have known of the arrest, as she can seldom leave the house, owing to lameness. She is an American, and before her marriage was Miss Mollie Osgood, of Boston.

Mr. Childers fought with the British also in the Boer War, when he was a trooper in the City Imperial Volunteers. He is the author of "The Riddle of the Sands," the story of a Secret Service agent in the North Sea, and of a treatise called "The Framework of Home Rule," which advocates a very restricted form of self-government. He is now inciting the people of Ireland to fight against a treaty and Constitution which give them virtual independence. In the Great War Mr. Childers was a flying officer and did some brilliant work in photographing the German defenses at Zeebrugge from the air. During the Black and Tan régime a raid was made on Mr. Childers's house, and he publicly protested because a young subaltern in the British forces smoked in Mrs. Childers's presence (the wife of an officer of superior rank) without her permission. His full title is Major Erskine Childers, D.S.C., but for obvious reasons he now prefers the plain prefix of Mr.

DOLE FROM THE ENEMY

For several years the unemployed in Ireland, as in Britain, have been receiving a Government dole weekly. The Provisional Government have continued this. Despite the difficulties of distributing it during the trouble last week, they were very anxious that it should not be stopped, lest any excuse should be given for looting. One of the district offices was therefore opened—not more than twenty-five yards from Moran's Hotel, an Irregular stronghold, now destroyed. After several hundred men had quietly entered, undismayed by the rifle fire from the National and rebel forces outside, and signed for and received their money, seven Republicans came calmly across from the hotel, showed that they were entitled to payment, were paid, and returned to their duties as enemy soldiers of the Government whose money lay in their pockets!

AFTER O'CONNOR DIDN'T DIE

Rory O'Connor, the Republican commander of the Four Courts during the siege and since Good Friday, when he occupied it, is the son of a Dublin solicitor. He had a distinguished career in the Royal University of Ireland and obtained a degree in engineering. But when his course was over he was found to be tuberculous, and was told that he had only three months to live. As he had been offered a position on a Canadian railway, he thought that he might just as well live his three months with a salary as without one, so he left to take up work in that Dominion. He didn't die, and when the European War came he returned to Ireland to join up. He tried to obtain a commission, but failed, owing to the state of his lungs. In 1916 he fought with the Sinn Feiners and was wounded. Some time afterwards he started a bomb factory outside Dublin, which was discovered. He is a grave, taciturn man of thirty-six or thirty-seven years, with a deep voice and a determined way with him. He is not married, and his political activities are far from tasteful to his father and brothers. Just after he first entered the Four Courts with his garrison one of his brothers was asked by a friend what he thought of Rory's latest achievement. "Well," was the reply, "I never did take much stock in bishops, but I must say that I agree with them that little boys should not be allowed to go to the 'movies' alone!" Rory had an entertaining way of interviewing the press while he played with an automatic on his desk. Entertaining for him, I mean, of course.

MADAME DE MARCKIEVICZ'S EMOTIONS

The women members of the last Dail were nearly all the relatives of men who had suffered during the 1916–21 struggle in Ireland. Madame de Marckievicz was the one exception. She married a Pole, an artist, she herself being a member of the well-known west of Ireland "settler" family—the Gore-Booths. Prior to the Larkin strikes of 1913 she had been a familiar figure in Bohemian circles in Dublin, very charming, very irresponsible, and intellectually very woolly. Within five minutes I have heard her express her earnest belief in peasant proprietorship *and* a co-operative commonwealth for Ireland, little recking that there was anything inconsistent in the two economic theories. When it was pointed out to her that the two things could not logically exist at the same time and in the same place, she retorted, airily, that it "would all work out in practice." She was in command in one area in Dublin during Easter week, 1916. She says herself that she shot two policemen dead. Her brother, Sir Josslyn Gore-Booth, whose place at Lissadell, County Sligo, has lately been occupied by Regular troops, had the matter investigated and proved, to his own satisfaction at least, that she did nothing of the kind. And, as a friend of hers remarked to me: "I don't believe she did it intentionally, at any rate; because Connie Marckievicz could never hit anything she was aiming at." In short, she is sincere, but far too liable to be swayed by her emotions, and would give her last crust or her only pair of shoes to any beggar who needed them. She was sentenced to death after the 1916 affair, but this was commuted to penal servitude for life, and she was released under the amnesty in 1917.

"THAT MAUDE GONNE," SEZ SHE

Madam Gonne MacBride is a rebel of a different type. She is the gaunt remains of a once famous beauty. Her father was Colonel Gonne, of the British service, but, although English, she has been anti-English all her life. As far back as 1900, when Queen Victoria visited Dublin for the last time, Maude Gonne, as she then was, appeared on an Irish jaunting-car dressed in black, waving a black flag, in the streets thronged with people ready to welcome her whom

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Maude had called "the Famine Queen." In his "Queen's After-Dinner Speech at the Vice-Regal Lodge" the late Percy French, the Irish Grossmith and comic poet, alluding to this incident makes the Queen say:

"An' that other wan," sez she,
"That Maude Gonne," sez she,
"Dressing in black," sez she,
"For to welcome me back," sez she
("As if I care," sez she,
"What they wear," sez she).
"Now Maude will write," sez she,
"That I brought the blight," sez she,
"Or althered the saisons," sez she,
"For some privit raisons," sez she.

In the late eighties Maude's beauty took Paris by storm, and when "Major" MacBride returned there, covered with the notoriety that he had gained in leading the Irish brigade against the British in the South African War, she married him, and they came back to Ireland as soon as the British Government would permit him to do so. Their life was not happy, and later she divorced him. He was executed after the rising of 1916, and their son, Sean MacBride, was taken prisoner at the Four Courts when the garrison surrendered. Madam MacBride approved of the Treaty, but she has apparently joined the Republicans now, probably out of sympathy for her son. Of late years she has done much good work in organizing free meals for the poor and in connection with the Irish White Cross.

TEMPERING WAR WITH WIT

Ireland is full of tragedy now, but the comic incidents of its daily life would fill several books. Chalked on one of the lorries engaged in trying to get the youthful garrison at the Gresham Hotel to surrender were the words: "Why waste bombs? Try monkey nuts." Formerly the native wasted wit on a soldiery that did not understand the Irish sense of humor, but now the repartee bandied between the troops and the civilians would well pay a recorder of it. An agitated lady rushed up to a lorry-load of National soldiers: "And have you all come through that dreadful firing unscathed?" asked she. "Ah! begorra we have, ma'am," said one of the lads, as he jumped off the car. "Sure God's good, and he made their sight bad!"

A SHOW, WITH INCONVENIENCES

In one of the Dublin streets Irregular snipers were exchanging shots with Regulars in windows some twenty feet above the street level. A crowd of interested citizens remained below. Finally, four National soldiers came into the thoroughfare and knelt down to shoot, thereby drawing the fire of the snipers to the pathway. Slightly alarmed, one mother tried to drag her five-year-old daughter out of range. The child, however, was loth to miss the fun and pulled at her hand. Meantime two little newsboys stood behind the soldiers, waiting to pick up the empty cartridge cases. This to demonstrate that, while the outside world is humming with news of our war, we are more interested in it than frightened by its attendant risks. We go on much as usual. A woman of my acquaintance bought bacon on Saturday from a very mild-looking storekeeper. On Sunday she was astonished to see the same man being marched off among a lot of captured Irregulars. He evidently kept his business and the war in water-tight compartments.

A Southern Irish newspaper is in the hands of the Irregulars. Its news, as usual, comes over its private wire from England and abroad. All this is censored by the Republican occupiers of the office. Anything which, by some lucky chance, gets through from Dublin is first censored by the Provisional Government. So there it is "between the devil and the deep sea." In Donegal the rebels were mobilizing in a stronghold on a height—once a castle with a moat. In another place in the same county is an island joined to the mainland by one bridge, over which runs the only railway connecting the district with the outer world. The insurgents announced their intention to destroy this bridge, if necessary, and hold the island. The inhabitants of the countryside viewed this prospect with anything but joy. "And," said one native, "the worst of it is that the fellows who are going to do all this are Cork men."

THE DUSK OF THE FALSE GODS

It is a wonderful country. Few have been better loved, for it pulls at the heartstrings of some of the least emotional of its sons and daughters. If, out of the welter of blood and the destruction of treasure of all kinds, peace should come at last, a place can be found here for all who wish to serve it. Full many Irishmen have done their share in building other states. Surely they can use their genius now in rebuilding their own. They have the advantage of a new and democratic Constitution and, better still, their race mind is cultured by centuries of tradition. But they must learn to distinguish the substance from the shadow; they must be strong enough and stern enough to put aside false gods and mistaken ideals. I believe they are already doing so.

Dublin, July 10, 1922.

UNCLE SAM AND HIS NORTHERN NEIGHBOR

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM CANADA

BY P. W. WILSON

IN the evolution of the British Empire, now so rapidly proceeding, history will record no event fuller of meaning for the future than the conferences between the President of the United States, Secretary Hughes, and Mr. Mackenzie King, the Prime Minister of Canada. For a month I have been touring through Ontario, interviewing, among others, both Mr. King and the Premier of the province, Mr. Drury; and I may sum up the situation by saying that the Dominion of Canada, with a population of nine million, can no longer afford to be "off the map." She is not now a country that can be, as it were, taken for granted. Even if her feelings be ignored, her trade is substantial and, on the whole, increasing apace, which trade is to-day the chief factor in her foreign politics. Comparing Canada with Australia, we find that Australia has but one simple international aim—to remain at once white and at peace with Japan. All that Australia has to do is to encourage settlers from the mother country and to send merchants through the open doors of India and China. With England it is not politics that the Australians play, but the more vital game of cricket.

But Canada is not an island, like Australia. Indeed, hers is the longest undivided land frontier in the world. Throughout that frontier there arise problems every day; not vague, grandiose, and remote, as are the projects of ambition or imperialism, but problems which affect the humdrum daily doings of ordinary and peaceful citizens. Four-fifths of the routine business transacted at Washington through the British Embassy is Canadian business. The arbiters who recently valued the Grand Trunk Railway included William H. Taft. The further deepening of the St. Lawrence River would provide both the Dominion and the Republic with additional water power and facilities for transit. When the United States repudiates the treaty which opens the ports of both nations to the fishermen of both nations in Atlantic waters, the Maritime Provinces of Canada are deeply stirred. And wider issues are involved when scores of Japanese fishermen in Pacific waters are arrested by the authorities of the Dominion. The Rush-Bagot Agreement, which limits fortifications on the border and the use of warships on the Great Lakes, means more to Canada with every day that passes. Overloaded with war debt, the Dominion has still to balance her budget. For armaments, whether on land or sea, she has neither use nor money. Her controversies with

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the British Admiralty over a navy are all solved by having no navy at all. Her army, reduced to thirty-five hundred men, is merely a side-show of civilian administration, and the officers trained in the military college at Kingston immediately enter civil life. All of which is understandable enough as long as the border represents no more than a line of distinction between separate but harmonious sovereignties. But is that the only significance of the Canadian frontier? What about the tariff, with its inevitable accompaniment of smuggling? What about prohibition, with its inevitable accompaniment of bootlegging? And, above all, what about immigration? In the admission or exclusion of aliens it is obvious that the policy pursued in any one country of North America will help to determine the resultant population throughout the entire continent.

I am writing in a small-town hotel the restaurant of which is decorated with twenty-nine Union Jacks. On July 12 fifty thousand Orangemen paraded through Toronto, and other tens of thousands through other districts, all swearing the sincerest loyalty to Great Britain. Every post office flies the British flag. Every coin displays a royal countenance. Every store advertises the perennial charm of Princess Patricia of Connaught. Every audience sings "God Save Our King." Even in Quebece the French-Canadians think that they have excellent reasons for avoiding absorption by the United States. Between Irish and French Catholicism there is, to begin with, a very human rivalry. And the British North America Act, which is the Constitution of Canada, guarantees to the people of Quebec their language and their separate schools, neither of which would be allowed in such unrestricted measure under the Stars and Stripes. If, then, Mr. Mackenzie King or his Finance Minister, Mr. Fielding, proceeds to Washington, it is not to discuss changes of sovereignty. No one on either side of the line wants any such question to be raised.

What confronts Canada is the inescapable fact that Great Britain knows nothing, and cannot be expected to know anything, about the North American affairs above enumerated. Good government must be, after all, government on the spot. Canada has no Ambassador at Washington. The British Ambassador is responsible, not to the Canadian Government as such, but to the British Foreign Office. At this moment, which happens to be a critical moment in Canadian politics, Sir Auckland Geddes is significantly absent in London. The Prime Minister of the Dominion therefore steps in, asserts once more a separate treaty-making power, and makes it quite clear to Secretary Hughes that he can negotiate with Canada direct, as with any other nation, irrespective of her imperial connection with Great Britain. The British Empire is, and ever has been, held together by anomalies. One more anomaly will be henceforth the diplomatic relations established by short circuit between Washington and Ottawa.

To this situation Great Britain herself has contributed. If her Empire was conquered "in a fit of absence of mind," it cannot be held together unless presence of mind be at least attempted. I am not one who thinks that the system of Imperial preference, proposed by Joseph Chamberlain, would have added anything to the solidity of Greater Britain. But Joseph Chamberlain was right in rebuking an attitude in England of mere inattention to the needs of the Dominions. On one subject Canadians are deeply incensed, and with good reason. It is a subject that closely concerns the farmers, on whose good will the Dominion Government depends for office. Not only does the United Kingdom exclude Canadian cattle, but the reason for such exclusion adds insult to injury by declaring that the cattle are diseased. A Commission has found a verdict that there is no disease in Canadian cattle as alleged, yet the exclusion continues. It is not too much to say that here is a grievance as substantial as some at least of the grievances alleged by the American colonies in the eighteenth century; yet the subject is still under controversy in the mother country. In justice to the United Kingdom, it should be added that in all imports save cattle Canada enjoys there a free, though of course a competitive, market.

What has added to the perplexities of Canada is the American tariff, as proposed, and all that it represents. At the very moment when Britain excludes her cattle the United States—with a bark that may prove to be worse than the bite—talks about a virtual exclusion, not of cattle alone, but of everything else. Canada is a small population up against a big one. She feels as sore over the American tariff as Serbia used to feel when Austria-Hungary raised duties against her pigs or as Ireland felt when Britain thus treated her manufactures. To some extent it is Canada's own fault. Ten years ago her greatest statesman, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, proposed reciprocity with the United States and would have established this proposal had not Canada driven him into retirement by the slogan, "No truck nor trade with the Yankee." Even to-day the Conservative party, led by Mr. Meighen, now in Opposition, looks askance at more intimate trade relations which would tend to consolidate North America. But none the less the United States tariff, if applied in all the rigor suggested by some and abandoned by others in Congress, would be a blow to Canada delivered clean between the eyes.

For the Dominion absence of mind at Washington is thus a more serious matter than absence of mind in London. The one is an irritating inconvenience; but the other may result in an economic calamity. Against such a high tariff Canada must take measures. One of these measures would be a retaliatory tariff, most repugnant to Mackenzie King as a Free-Trader and to the Progressives, with many Liberals, on whose support he depends. Another counter-stroke would be an adoption of virtual free trade with Great Britain and other British Dominions. To this one cannot imagine Mackenzie King raising any objection on fiscal grounds—quite the contrary; but politically his objective is not any such Imperial federation. His philosophy does not dwell on the word empire. What he wants is, rather, peace and, above all, peace in North America. If any choice had to be made in the future between the British connection and friendly relations between Canada and the United States, Mackenzie King would be among those who stress the vital importance to the Dominion of the latter. Hence his urgent desire to avoid a tariff war.

For one must realize that the future of trade is also deeply exercising the mind of Britain herself. Commerce with Germany, Russia, and Europe generally is still in large measure paralyzed. The able-bodied unemployed in Britain still number more than two million. To promote the emigration of this surplus a sum of $75,000,000 has been set aside by Parliament. And there is to be in London a British Empire Exhibition, the object of which is to promote inter-Imperial trade. This means that once more Britain is seeking to call in the New World to balance the deficiencies of the Old. She is turning from the Europe which refuses to be "saved" and she is turning to continents beyond Europe which are still unexhausted. For Canada this attitude on the part of Britain affords an alternative, possibly, to the nearer market of the United States. But statesmen of the school of Mackenzie King would not regard the alternative as adequate. They wish to avoid even the appearance of a commercial rivalry within North America. But for this very reason the proposals of Britain might well afford Mr. Meighen, as a Conservative, a line on which to attack the present Canadian Government. It cannot be pretended that, as matters stand, the United States is popular to-day in any part of Canada. Her growing financial influence over the manufactures of the Dominion is watched with undisguised vigilance, and one of the greatest objections to developing the St. Lawrence arises from the fear lest the United States might thereby acquire control of a waterway which Canadians consider to be in a peculiar sense the glory of their country. If the fiscal policy of the United States makes impossible the reciprocal commerce desired by the Canadian Prime Minister, we must expect, then, a considerable spell of patriotic agitation north of the border and the possibility of the revulsion of sentiment which proved too much for Laurier, whose mantle has descended on his political pupil and successor at Ottawa.

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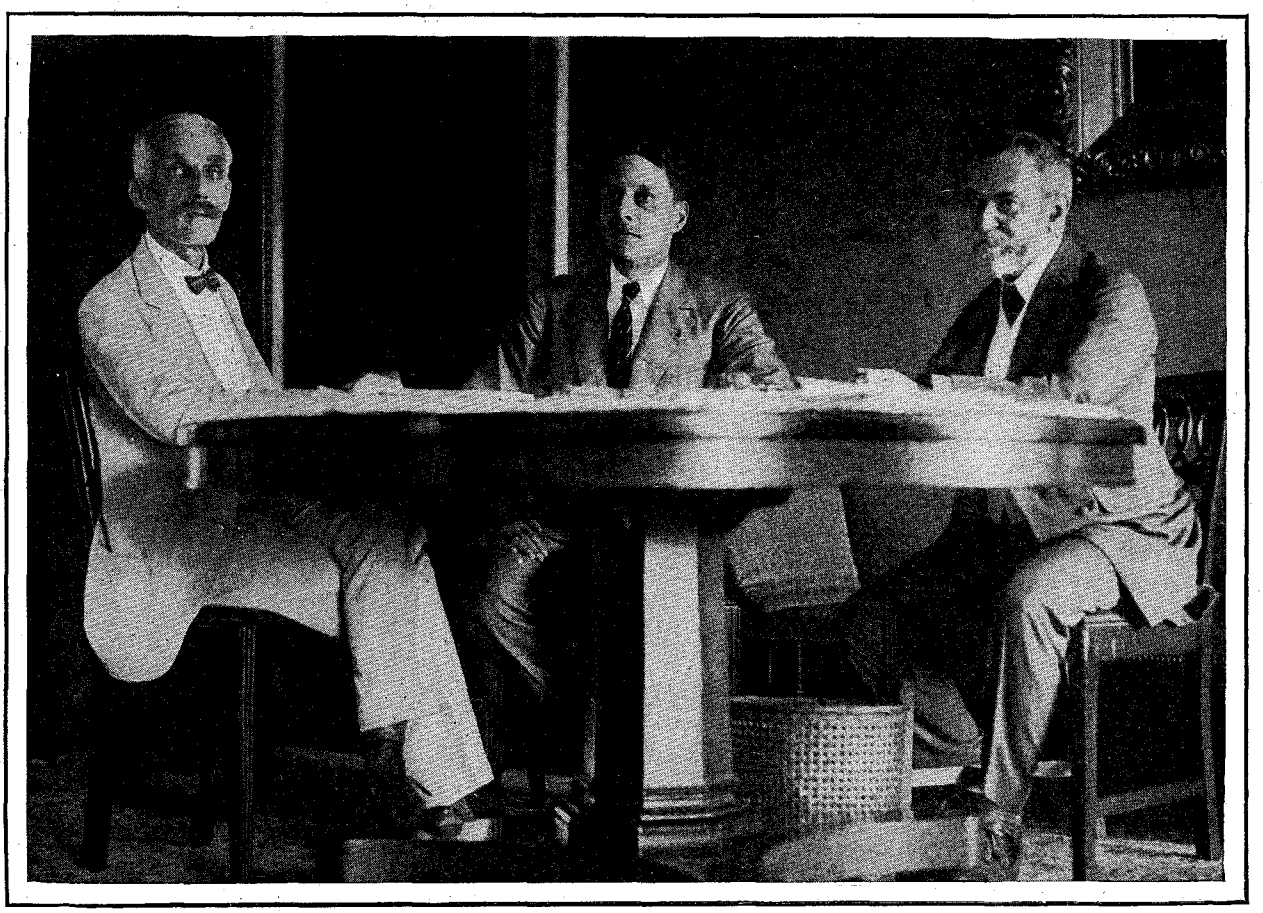
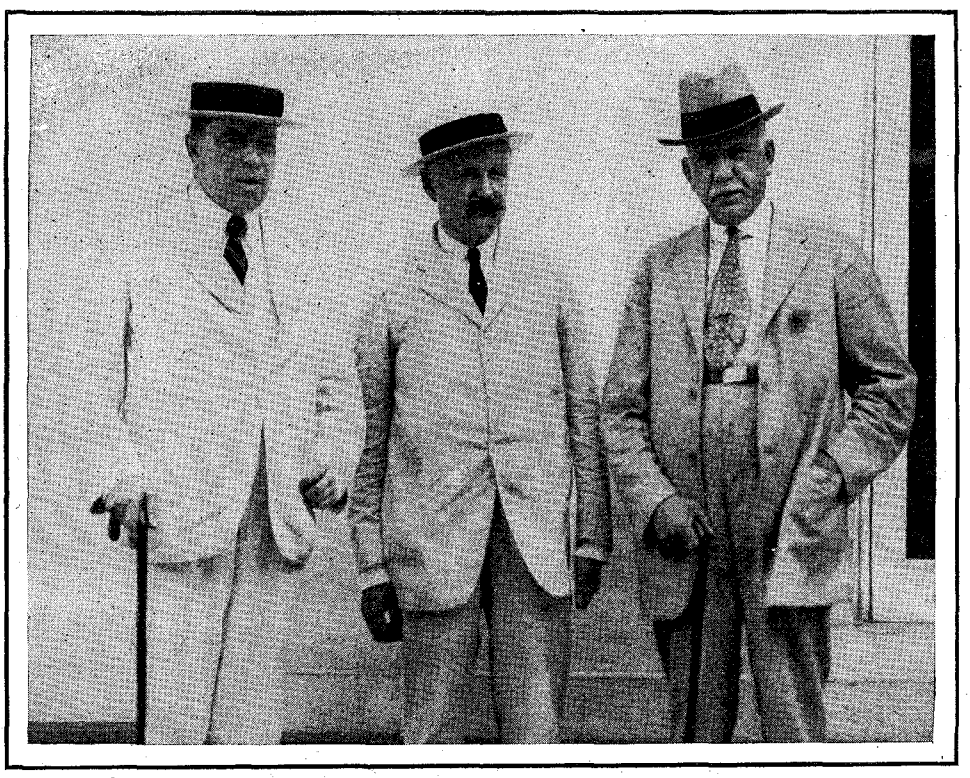
SETTLEMENT BY DISCUSSION



(C) Harris & Ewing

FRANCE AT WASHINGTON

M. Jean Parmentier, financial representative of France, is in Washington to negotiate for the settlement of the French debt. He is here shown in the center, with Ambassador Jusserand on his left and Mr. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, on his right



International

THE CANADIAN MISSION

Mr. P. W. Wilson's article on preceding pages tells of the problems at issue between the United States and Canada. The Canadian Premier, the Honorable Mackenzie King, is shown on the reader's left. On the left of Mr. King is Henry Hilton, Chargé d'Affaires at Washington, and Mr. George Perry Graham, Canadian Minister of National Defense

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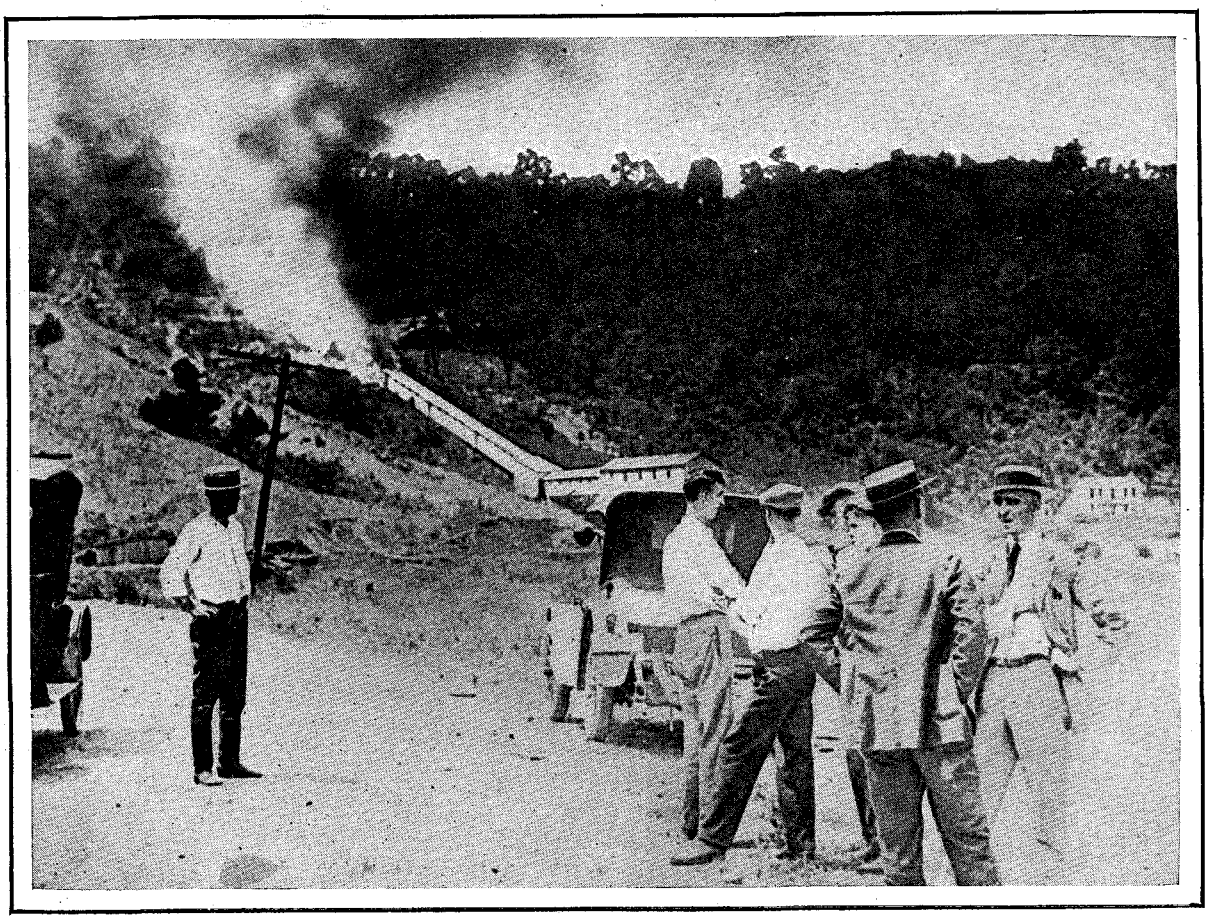
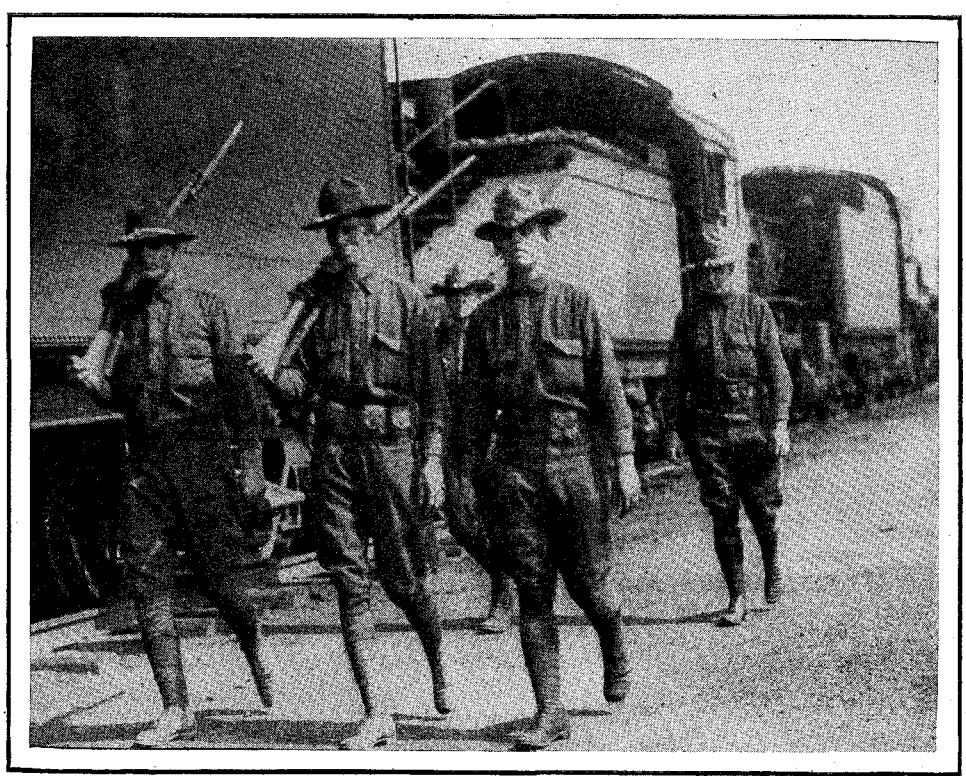
ARGUMENT BY FORCE



P & A Photos

THE COAL WAR

A chapter in the coal war is summarized in this picture of a burning mine tipple at Cliftonville, West Virginia. The hillside back of the men was the scene of a battle between the miners and mine guards which resulted in the killing of seven men and wounding of thirty. The men in the foreground are deputy sheriffs



(C) Underwood

IMPROVISED BATTLEMENTS

The shops of the Chicago and Alton Railway at Bloomington, Illinois, have been fortified with a circle of locomotives. The soldiers patrolling the grounds are members of the Illinois National Guard. Soldiers armed with machine guns are stationed in the engines

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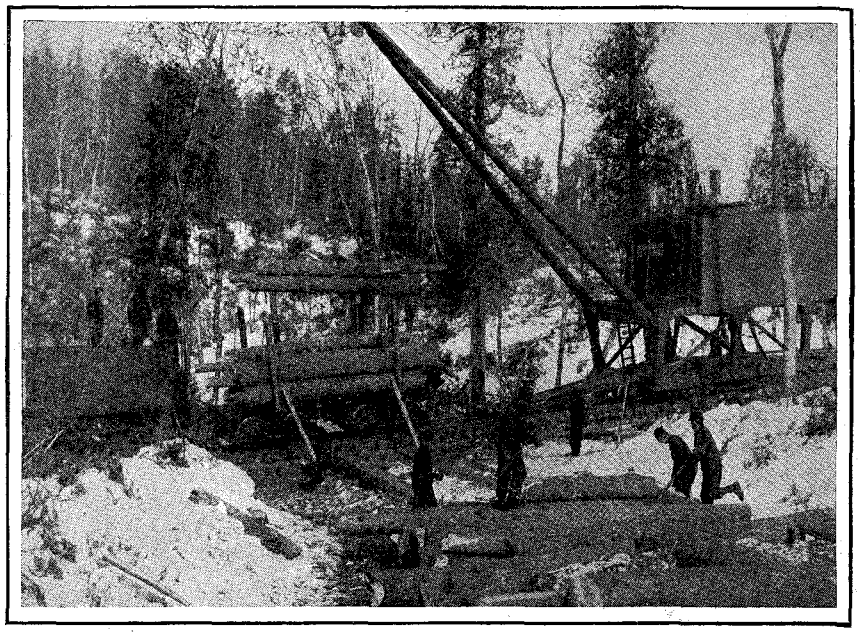
THE MODERN LUMBERJACK

BY ROBERT H. MOULTON

THE twentieth-century lumberjack is pretty much the same kind of man that he was thirty or forty years ago, when logging was at its zenith. He is the same stalwart, powerful, masterful man of the woods as of old. There is this difference, however: he lives and works under infinitely better conditions than the old-timers. Thirty years ago the logging camps were built of logs—buildings which were not much better than barns. To-day there are some log camps built, but most of them are frame buildings sealed with tar paper. They are comfortable in summer and winter.

In the model camps of Michigan the buildings are lighted with electric light, there are bathrooms, and every man has a comfortable bed in which to sleep. It did not take any muck-raking to make the lumbermen give their employees beds in which to sleep instead of bunks filled with pine boughs or hay. In fact, the lumbermen had to fight to make their men sleep in comfortable beds. A few years ago the lumbermen applied efficiency methods to the science of lumbering, and they saw that their best men would not slow up if their bodies got the best possible rest and relaxation at night. Stiff muscles have no place in a Michigan lumber camp. The men are also furnished with books and current magazines; their meals are prepared by cooks who know their business, and there is always an abundance of good, wholesome food, of a sufficient variety to tempt even the discriminating appetite of the city dweller.

The jacks of Michigan are picked men. They form without a doubt the most efficient body of workers, man for man, to be found in the country, for no man gets a chance to become a woodsman unless he has proved in the hardest possible school his ability to get sixty minutes of unremitting toil into an hour, to stand untiringly great extremes of temperature, to master the science of "falling" trees so they will not damage other trees, block roads, crush bark, or shoot down mountain-sides. He must have good health, be able to live at peace with forty or more other huskies, and be able and willing to find his place in the woods on dark winter mornings when the thermometer is down to 30° below zero.



DERRICK USED FOR LOADING LOGS ON CARS

The man who bears the proud but ugly name of "hick" looks with scorn upon the clumsy foreign laborers who follow him in the woods and cut out the small "paper" wood left after the "hicks" have carefully disposed of the hemlock, birch, maple, beech, and poplar trees. The woods "Hunky" has been "surveyed." The "hick" does not need a survey, because he gets the pay he demands, does the work expected of him, gets the best of food and all he can eat of it, wears high-priced woolens the year round, wears shoes which never cost less than $10 a pair, and can get a job in any lumber camp in the United States for the asking.

The lumber camp is a busy and interesting place three times a day. Summer and winter the men are called at five in the morning. At 5:30 they have breakfast—a bumping meal prepared by the chief cook and assistants. At six the men start for their places in the woods, working like mad until the dinner gong sounds at 11:30. For dinner they get an elaborate meal, the lumberjacks then eating great quantities of meat. They are at work again at 12:30, quitting at 5:30.

The average camp is composed of forty men, no more men being taken in than the beds will accommodate. The supper is the most social meal of the day for the lumberjacks. During the afternoon the cooks usually prepare a bushel or more of doughnuts for the jacks. These disappear at this meal. After supper the lumberjacks have a jolly time telling stories of the chase, of the "high spots" they have hit when spending "road stakes," of movies they have seen in the cities, of fights they have waged, and of thrilling experiences they have undergone in their work. A lumber camp is no place for a troublesome man or for a man who is not on the square.

The jacks are great smokers, and they do not use tobacco which has had the bite removed by a patented process. The

HAULING A LOAD OF WHITE PINE LOGS ON A SLED

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umbermen get their supplies at the company store, practically at cost. Many of the lumberjacks read, for they are ntelligent men from among whom the uture jobbers and bosses must come. Cards are not played, for the bosses vant as little fighting as possible. The lining-room is hallowed ground in a umber camp, no jack being allowed to pass the threshold of the dining-room loor until the cook gives the word. The arge common room in front of the din-ng-room is the winter club of the men. This they occupy until nine o'clock, vhen they go to bed.

While cutting methods have changed n the woods in the past thirty or forty ears, it is interesting to note that two of the oldest of hand tools, the wedge nd the ax, are still leading devices in he lumberman's art. It is true that the ross-cut saw has taken over some of he duties of the ax, but nevertheless he latter tool is quite as necessary as t ever was. There are two methods of elling trees: with the ax alone, or with he ax and cross-cut saw. Power-driven nachines for felling trees have been in-ented, but, while these are more or less uccessful in the actual cutting of trees, he trouble lies in transporting them to he spot where the work is to be done, vhich is often in the midst of heavy nderbrush or for a long distance over neven ground, making it difficult, if not mpossible, of access for a power-driven levice. On the other hand, the ax and ross-cut saw can go wherever the men o.

There is no more interesting operation n the woods than the felling of a tree y expert lumberjacks. If the tree is o be felled with the cross-cut saw, the irst step is to cut a notch with the ax n that side of the tree looking in the irection in which it is desired to have t fall. This notch is wedge-shaped, the nder surface being horizontal and the pper at an angle of forty-five degrees to he former. This notch serves two pur-

SPLITTING A BIG FIR LOG

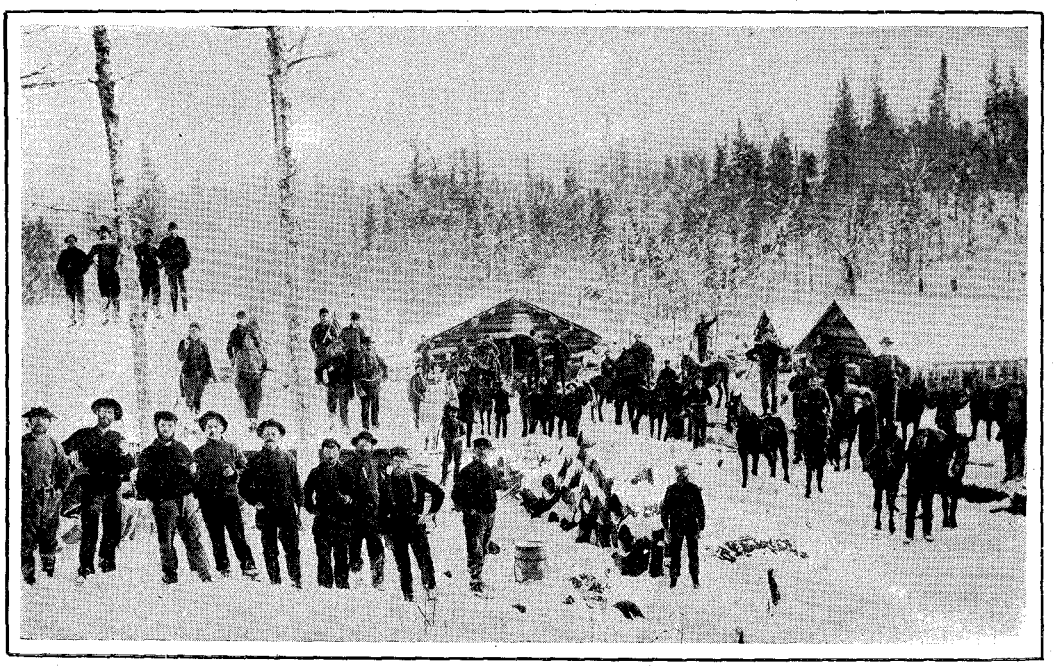
poses: it directs the fall of the tree and also prevents bad splitting of the bole.

After the notch has been made the cutting with the saw is started on the opposite side of the tree and a few inches higher than the horizontal surface of the notch. As soon as the saw has buried itself in the tree the wedges come into use. They are driven into the cut, back of the saw, thus preventing the weight of the tree from falling on the saw, and also helping to direct the fall. Usually the tree begins to fall just before the cut from the saw has met the notch on the opposite side and while a part of the bole is still intact. When this point is reached, the jacks who are doing the felling are on the alert, since it is necessary for them to stay long enough to make certain that the tree will fall, and at the same time allow themselves a few seconds in which to make their getaway with the saw.

The hemlock cutters go in pairs. A team is composed of a "spudder" and a "fitter," the latter notching the tree to be felled. When the tree is felled, the spudder peels the bark from the stump, while the fitter with his ax "rings" the tree, cutting clean grooves around the trunk every three feet or so in order that the spudder may peel off the bark with his spud—an instrument something like a Cuban *machete*. When the fitter gets toward the top of the tree, he trims off the branches and "smashes" the knots with the blunter side of his ax, so that the spudder may get the bark off easily. After the tree has been stripped, the two men cut it into 16-foot logs.

After the peeling comes the road cutting through the forest, and the teamsters, who are highly skilled men, "grab-drive" the logs out of the woods to the skidways, where two expert skidders, waiting on the specially built lumber railways, load the logs on the cars. The jacks take their hand at building railways through the forests as well as cutting roads for the teamsters. "Swampers" clear the roads and the way to the logs as they lie in the woods. The teamsters are judged by their skill in manipulating their teams over the rocky roads and in keeping their horses in good condition while working at top speed. Unskilled teamsters would kill a pair of horses in three months. Skilled men can keep their horses in good condition for years.

The Michigan woodsmen work practically all the year round. Few of the lumberjacks are married, but they usually marry when they become bosses. They are generous to a fault, and "blow" themselves when they get the *Wanderlust*. They flit from camp to camp, willy-nilly. They may be in Michigan to-day, and on the way to Wisconsin, Mississippi, Minnesota, or West Virginia to-morrow. They take particular pride in showing the mountaineers of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee how to work—and how to fight.



STABLES OF A LUMBER OR LOGGING CAMP IN WINTER

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THE GOD IN THE MACHINE

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

MR. SPANGLER waited beside his huge motor omnibus in the Plympton Square. He was a short, heavily built man with a stubby beard and twinkling blue eyes. He wore two old sweaters and an old brown overcoat and wasted all the warmth they might have given him by pushing them back in order to thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his trousers. The November air was raw and the sky a uniform gray—winter, Mr. Spangler believed, would set in to-night. He did not mind winter after it had started, but the first days were like a plunge into a cold swimming-hole.

The omnibus looked as queer as Spangler himself. It had been built by an amateur over the body of a truck, and, as the driver's seat was very low and the other seats arranged in rising tiers, it had somewhat the look of an inclosed stairway. To-day it had an especially odd appearance on account of a washing-machine which was roped to the rear, its legs standing straight out. Sometimes the omnibus was thickly plastered with crates and boxes, so that it seemed to be a moving warehouse.

Spangler stamped his feet and beat his arms against his breast. He would leave Plympton at four, and reach Summit Hill at six. There he would hand over his passengers to the trolley car which ran down the other side of the mountain, taking in exchange the passengers which it had brought, and would be back in Plympton by eight. To-day it would be dark at five.

He looked at all the persons who came toward him, hoping for a passenger—not for the sake of personal gain, since he had a stated salary, but for the sake of companionship on the long ride. He liked both to talk and to listen. He liked also to have pleasant adventures to tell Mrs. Spangler about when he got home.

At 3:55 he blew his horn violently in order to summon from the hotel any traveling men who wished to go with him. No one, however, answered, and he climbed aboard, started his engine, and waited. He heard the court-house clock strike four, but still he lingered and blew his horn again. When no one appeared, he drove slowly across the square and toward the west. Near the edge of the town his hope was gratified. He saw waiting for him, bag in hand, the passenger whom he preferred above all others. This was his young pastor, Mr. Filene, whose increasingly frequent visits to the other side of the mountain made Spangler think that he was interested in some young lady. He stopped the car and opened the door, and Mr. Filene stepped in.

"It's getting colder," said he.

"There'll be snow on the mountain," prophesied Spangler. "I put chains on, and they laughed at me in the garage, but I haven't traveled this mountain ten years for nothing."

"People seem to be staying at home."

"Yes. I did their errands for them. I bought a half-dozen spools of thread for Mrs. Graybill and I have a washing-machine for Mrs. Hedge. It won't suit Mrs. Hedge. I'll be exchanging it to-morrow. I told the man in the store. I said: 'Now don't look black at me when I bring this machine back. If you don't want to see it come back, then don't let it go out.' These are the things I've brought out and exchanged in the last six weeks: one rake, one shepherd pup, one lawn-mower, one shoat, ten packages from the dry-goods store, eight pair of shoes, and one ironing-board on a stand. Mind you, these things I not only brought out, but took back. My wife she kept account."

"Why do the stores send her things?"

"She has a hold on 'em in some way. She's the richest woman round here. She has three fine farms and three large apple orchards."

"I think you're very patient to carry all these things."

"I am that," agreed Mr. Spangler. "My wife says I'm a regular Job. Mrs. Hedge had two husbands, and it's my belief she hounded both into their graves. She has a daughter, too; a nice woman, and she pretends that she didn't like the man the daughter married and she won't have anything to do with her. The truth was she didn't want to lose her daughter's services. You'll see her, she'll come out. Now I don't mind fetching anything for Mrs. Graybill. She's a lady. Her boy was killed in the war. He was married at a camp in York State, and his wife ain't never come to see her. Mrs. Graybill sews from morning till night; she has a hard time making strap and buckle meet. I don't know why either. She ought to have enough to live on, but it seems she don't."

The car had passed the last of the scattered houses at the edge of Plympton and was out on the smooth pike. Mr. Spangler quickened his speed. Night was falling rapidly and in a few moments they could see only the road and a narrow strip on each side which was illuminated by the lamps.

"Where do these ladies live?" asked the young preacher.

"They live close together about five miles out, just a little this side of Worleysburg. Mrs. Hedge lives in the finest house on the pike, the one with the tower—you must have noticed it many times—and Mrs. Graybill a little beyond up the hill in a tiny little gray house where the big silver maple is. You must have noticed that too."

"Yes," said the young preacher. "I remember that tree."

"I couldn't tell you in a year how mean Mrs. Hedge is," said Mr. Spangler, solemnly. "She could get blood from a stone. I watch her like a hawk, and every now and then she cheats me out of a few cents. She chooses a time when I'm in a great hurry with a car full of passengers, and she says, 'Spangler,' she says, 'I owe you seventy-four cents, and I have only seventy-three.' Now no one would make a fuss over one cent. Couple o' times I bought something for her which was two for a quarter. If I pay thirteen cents, she'll only give me twelve. I'm often ashamed of her before the passengers. We're passing the first of her orchards now, and the finest. Thirty thousand dollars was what she got last year for the crop—not barreled, mind you, and ready to ship, but on the trees."

"What does she do with her money?"

"Salts it down."

"Who will get it?"

"Land knows!"

"You know everybody along the road," said the preacher, encouragingly.

"Yes, sir. Now over there where that light is live the Clymer girls. They are what you call crowd-shy. They never go out. They are like rabbits when you go near them. They are getting very old. If you go there, they don't open the door for a long time, then they look out as though you had come to murder them."

"What will become of them?"

"Oh, what becomes of all of us?" said Spangler, philosophically. "Sometimes I'll look over and it'll be all dark, then I'll go in. Once they closed their shutters at sunset, so I went over and told 'em I couldn't guide my machine. Now they don't shut 'em till I'm past, so I know every day that they're still living."

The road dipped down into a hollow. At the bottom Spangler stopped the car.

"You might think she'd come with a lantern," said he as he stepped down.

From the darkness a shrill voice called, "Is that you, Spangler?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The voice came nearer. "Did you get my machine?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Ten to one they didn't give you the right kind." The voice was now at hand.

"Yes, ma'am."

The omnibus heaved and shook as Spangler toiled at the ropes which fastened the washing-machine. The snow had begun to fall; the preacher saw the lazy flakes drift down into the shaft of light from the lamps. He saw also the face of Mrs. Hedge, long, swarthy, with gleaming black eyes. She

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had a black shawl wrapped closely round her head and she looked not unlike a very savage monk glaring out from his cowl. She was evidently inquisitive as well as mean. Having stared at the preacher, whose polite bow she ignored, she walked along the side of the car. She was slightly deaf and she spoke shrilly.

"Only one passenger, Spangler?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"The trip won't pay you very well, will it? Carry the machine to the back porch, not the front porch."

The preacher got down and assisted with the machine. He was about half the size of Mrs. Hedge. She followed, giving directions about avoiding the gate, and when Spangler had put the machine on the porch she accompanied him back to the road.

"What did you fetch for Mrs. Graybill?" she inquired. "A needle this time, or perhaps it was a pin?"

Spangler was busy gathering up the rope which had fallen to the ground, and she repeated her question. But he did not answer.

"What did you say?" she shrieked as he got into the car.

The car started with a roar.

"You're leaving rather unceremoniously," said Mr. Filene.

"Oh, I ain't through with her," Spangler said, carelessly. "I'll have another chance to bid her a sweet good-night. Now she couldn't give me a lift with the machine, but she'll take it into the kitchen all by herself for fear I'd let a little cold in. What do you think of such a woman, Pastor?"

"What do you think of her?"

"I think she can't help herself. She is as she is. The Lord made her that way. Now up here's Mrs. Graybill; the Lord made her good-looking and kind-hearted. She's a noble woman. She's out with her old lantern, so as not to keep me waiting a minute."

But Spangler insisted upon waiting. He got down and took a basket from under the seat.

"Here's the thread," he said. "And here's the cloth and the pattern for the little boy's suit. Mrs. Graybill, this is my minister."

Mrs. Graybill reached her hand up to the omnibus. The preacher saw a soft, worn face with beautiful brown eyes.

"I'm glad to meet you." She weighed the basket in her hand. "Mr. Spangler, you speak the truth, but not the whole truth. There's something here besides thread and cloth and patterns."

"I have nothing to do with that," said Mr. Spangler as though he had been caught in some mischief. "I give it to you as Mrs. Spangler gave it to me. Good-night."

"Good-night," answered Mrs. Graybill. "You stop to-morrow evening for the little boy's suit."

In Worleysburg there were neither passengers nor commissions. Beyond, the first slope of the mountain caused the old car to pant and groan. Here the ground was white. Mr. Spangler gave himself to somewhat gloomy speculation; he contrasted the worldly estate of Mrs. Hedge with the worldly estate of Mrs. Graybill. Mrs. Hedge, he said, had everything and deserved nothing; Mrs. Graybill had nothing and deserved everything.

"Mrs. Hedge has a daughter and don't care for her; Mrs. Graybill had a son who was the light of her eyes, and he was taken away. Mrs. Hedge has thousands of dollars and don't use 'em or enjoy 'em. If Mrs. Graybill had money, she'd do good with it from morning till night."

"We can't understand," said Mr. Filene. "Which do you think is the happier?"

"Mrs. Graybill," answered Spangler, positively. "Even with all her troubles she's happier. But I can't understand why she has to work so hard."

The snow thickened both in the air and on the ground as the car climbed higher and higher. When they got up among the pine woods, Spangler pointed out the tracks of deer which must have crossed the road just before them. The lights of the car gleamed uncannily on the glassy eyes of an owl sitting on a low branch. They came at the end of an hour's hard running to Summit Hill and stopped by the side of a little platform. They could hear the trolley car lumbering through the woods and see its bright headlight. With regret Spangler saw his passenger step down. He hoped for at least one for the return journey.

Again his hope was gratified, but in the single moment when the newcomer stood illuminated by the glare of his headlights he looked at her askance. She wore high-heeled slippers and a very short skirt and a fur coat which seemed to Spangler to be made from the skin of a leopard, and she had a large hat on which a bunch of feathers rose and fell like a fountain. She spoke with an accent strange to Spangler, who had never heard the peculiar *patois* of New York.

"Say, do you go to Plympton?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you pass Mrs. Graybill's?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Spangler, stammering a little in his surprise and confusion. "Did you want to go there?"

"That's where I want to go. And I hope it's not such a God-forsaken spot as most I've seen to-day."

Spangler forgot even his customary "Yes, ma'am." A dreadful possibility came into his mind. He saw a sweet old face, a gray head bent eternally over unending sewing. He walked across the platform to exchange a few words with the crew of the car.

"A gay bird," said the conductor. "Mrs. Graybill's her name. Has a mother-in-law in your direction. Going to get some money out of her."

"Oh, my!" said Spangler, aghast.

"You needn't be afraid of her," said the conductor. "She has a gentleman friend in New York."

"I'm not afraid of her," said Spangler.

He stepped into the car and sat down by the young lady. Still he saw Mrs. Graybill, Senior, working by her little lamp. He saw her look up when he tooted his horn and wave her hand out into the darkness. He looked sidewise at his companion. Young Graybill had been a decent fellow—how had he happened to choose such a wife?

All Spangler's mental questions were answered by young Mrs. Graybill. She had no reserves. It did not occur to her that it was unwise to talk to a stranger, or that a stranger might not be interested in her affairs. First, however, she commented upon the landscape. She looked out at the white road and the dark, mysterious pines, already bending with a load of snow, and she shivered.

"I never knew there were such places. I've been traveling since morning, and I've seen nothing but woods and fields and a few hick towns. How far is it to Mrs. Graybill's?"

"Fifteen miles."

"You ought to make that pretty quick. I have a friend who drives a taxi. He'd make it in twenty minutes."

"Yes, ma'am," said Spangler. He was thankful that poor Mrs. Graybill, Senior, was to have more than twenty minutes' grace.

"Will I have to travel in this ark when I leave?" the young woman asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

The young woman crossed one knee over the other and Spangler saw her thin slippers and silk stockings which were just the color of the lightest shade in her barbaric coat.

"Mrs. Graybill's son was my husband," she explained. "And from his talk I gathered that it must be a very fine place where he lived. If that's so, I ought to have some benefit of it. He didn't will me his insurance outright; it goes into a fund and I get the interest unless I marry—then his mother gets it. I got almost nothing from the Government. I never saw anything like this Government for pure meanness. I wrote to his mother that I simply couldn't live, and she's like the Government; she sends me twenty dollars a month—about as good as nothing. So I thought I'd come to see how things were. She writes fine letters, but talk's cheap."

Spangler could hardly believe his ears.

"Does Mrs. Graybill send you twenty dollars a month?" he asked.

"Twenty dollars a month," said the young woman. "Fine income, isn't it?"

Spangler was more confused and distressed than ever. Twenty dollars a month without working for it seemed a great deal. It must seem a great deal to Mrs. Graybill. No wonder she sewed all day!

"She was going to make it only ten."

"Yes, ma'am," said Spangler. He drove slowly, to postpone a little Mrs. Graybill's evil hour.

"Do you know how much property she

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has?" asked the young woman when the car had begun to glide down the steep hill.

"No, ma'am," answered Spangler.

"Does she live well?"

Spangler did not know whether to say yes or no. A faint uncertain "Yes, ma'am," came out involuntarily while he was debating. "Did you think of living with her?" he asked.

"No, siree," answered the young woman, emphatically. "The city for me and the first train back. What time do you pass to-morrow morning?"

"About 7:30."

The young woman groaned, then she laughed.

"Well, I guess that won't be too early. I'm sure I'll never sleep in this lonely spot."

Spangler passed slowly through Worleysburg. He rather prided himself on his ability to untangle human problems, but there was no way out of this. A half-mile ahead stood the little house of Mrs. Graybill; unless he stopped here by the wayside for the night he must go on and introduce to her this dreadful young woman. It would break her heart.

"Did you know John Graybill long?" he asked.

"No," laughed the young woman. "About two weeks. He fell in love with me at first sight. It was that way with lots of soldiers."

"Did you work before you were married?"

"Of course I did! I was a clerk and a cloak model. I could be one again any time."

Spangler felt that this statement offered somehow a vague clue to his problem, but he was too stupid and confused to follow it out, and, besides, he had too little time. He could see already the tiny gleam of Mrs. Graybill's lamp, and he gathered speed so as to make the hill on the top of which stood her little house. He surmounted the hill, and saw her fine profile between him and her lamp; he saw her lifted hand, and in an instant he was abreast of the house. Then, suddenly, he was still more confused by the sight of a moving lantern below him and a little distance ahead.

"Here you are," he said, miserably, but as he spoke he unintentionally let the car glide past Mrs. Graybill's house and down the hill. The lantern before him described a wide and angry arc; only Mrs. Hedge ever halted him so imperiously. He reached toward the door, not seeing that young Mrs. Graybill prepared to step out. But before he opened it the voice of Mrs. Hedge came in. She thrust her face toward him out of the darkness. In the wavering light of her lantern it had a baleful glare. Her voice had a hissing sound.

"Spangler, you take that washmachine back," she screamed. "It ain't put together right. It'll leak. Take it back to-night."

Spangler pushed the door open a little wider in order that he might tell Mrs. Hedge that carrying the machine out and roping it to his car was a work for daylight, not for darkness. As he did so he felt a clutch upon his arm. It was a clutch of terror. The young woman seemed to be appalled by the mere sight of Mrs. Hedge.

"Don't stop," she whispered, hurriedly. "Oh, please don't stop!"

"You do as I say!" screamed Mrs. Hedge. "You were a fool to bring such a thing." Mrs. Hedge seemed about to thrust her long face through the glass of the half-open door. "To-night, Spangler. At once!"

"I don't want to get out, do you hear me?" whispered the young woman, still more frantically. "I wouldn't stay for a minute. Oh, don't tell her it's me!"

This paroxysm of fright was incomprehensible to Spangler. He wondered whether the young woman was losing her mind.

"To-morrow," he shouted to Mrs. Hedge.

"I won't pay a penny charge for carriage!" called Mrs. Hedge above the sound of the starting engine. "Not a penny! Not a penny!"

"All right," he answered. "All right."

He was turning his steering wheel—he must of course go back to Mrs. Graybill's. But the young woman still clutched his arm.

"I don't want to see her!" she cried again. "I don't want anything to do with her!"

At last Spangler understood.

"But, you see," he began, honestly, "that wasn't"—

"I don't need to see her," she cried. "I have a friend who wants to marry me. Let her have the insurance. I don't want anything to do with her."

For a long moment Spangler was silent.

"Is your friend able to support you?" he asked at last with a leaping heart.

"I should say he was! He has a fine position. He wanted me to get married this long time. I don't care if the Government does stop the compensation or if I lose the insurance. I don't want anything to do with her."

"Will the Government send her the insurance if you get married?" asked Spangler.

"Of course," said the young woman, ruefully. "They'll notify her quick enough. He must have been like her in nature or he wouldn't have fixed things that way."

Spangler had still not started the car. It seemed dreadful that Mrs. Graybill's daughter-in-law should identify her with Mrs. Hedge, but the alternative of Mrs. Graybill knowing her daughter-in-law was worse.

"You have no children?"

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Graybill, emphatically.

Spangler started the car slowly. Once or twice he turned and looked at his companion. He could not see how any one, even a young soldier about to leave his native land to face enemy bullets could think her attractive. Perhaps poor John had repented—at least the boy had thought of his mother. While he was meditating Spangler saw the lights of Plympton. The young woman saw them too.

"You take me to a hotel," she directed. "Unless there's some way out to-night I didn't leave any word for my friend I don't know what he'll think of me."

"There's no train," said Spangler. "But"—he hesitated. He was tired both mentally and physically and he saw Mrs. Spangler's hot supper waiting. The children were kept up to have a half hour's play, and if he were late he would not see them until to-morrow.

But Spangler believed that Providence had appointed him to save Mrs. Graybill, Senior, and that his work was not yet over. He saw her daughter-in-law in the Plympton Hotel, telling her story to the clerk, the chambermaid, to any one who would listen. It would not take her long to learn the truth.

"I can take you on to Maytown," he offered. "It's only twelve miles. You can get a sleeper there at ten, and be back in New York in the morning."

"All right," said Mrs. Graybill. "He won't ever know I was away. You see, he was in love with me before I knew John. I'll bless you forever."

At Plympton Spangler went into the hotel to send a message to Mrs. Spangler. He promised her with vague hints a great treat. He said to himself with pride that one could safely tell Mrs. Spangler anything. When he came out, his passenger had one slippered foot out of the car.

"If it's only twelve miles and the train doesn't leave till ten, I'll have something to eat," she said. "I'm starved."

Spangler shook his head. He had the thoughtful and solemn air of an officer of the law sustained in his somewhat ungrateful task by an obligation to righteousness. His weak misgivings were negligible beside his conviction that he would not only be saving Mrs. Graybill, Senior, from heartbreak and releasing her from her incessant work, but in a sense giving her back her boy.

"I have to be back," he said, firmly. "Anybody else'll charge you double" He stepped into the car and laid a parcel on young Mrs. Graybill's lap and closed the door. He was a smart man when he had time to think. "There are some sandwiches for you," he said. "There's a restaurant in Maytown, where you can eat right."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Graybill, quickly opening the parcel. "It was crazy of me to come," she confessed with relief. "I couldn't make up my mind to give up my independence, especially if I could live a little better. But now I know my own mind. I don't think any young woman like me ought to live alone. His name is Jack Le Roy. That's a prettier name than Graybill."

"Yes, ma'am," assented Spangler, politely. He put on all the speed of which

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the bus was capable, as though to equal that of the swiftly running Jack. So terrific was the roar that conversation was impossible until he slackened his pace as he approached Maytown.

"I'll send you an announcement," promised Mrs. Graybill, as she stepped down.

Spangler came out of a brown study. Alongside of a bright, attentive face under the supper-table lamp he had been looking at another face, bent, by a smaller lamp, over eternal sewing.

"So do," he said, heartily. "I'll be glad to see it."

THE SEA AND ITS PREY

BY HELEN H. HOFFMAN

IN the early days of peace numerous companies were formed in England for the purpose, as their officers and stockholders then believed feasible, of floating and rescuing the great ships, like the Lusitania and others of valuable cargo, that went to the bottom of the sea under enemy fire.

Many of these companies represented large capital, and certainly they abounded in optimistic expectation of large profit to be gleaned from the proposed operations.

To-day the stockholders who cherished such rosy hopes in their investments are wiser than they were about the ways of the sea, and are quite content to confine their speculations hereafter to land affairs, with which they are more familiar.

Company after company organized for this purpose of raising "dead ships" has given up, and the vast sum of money spent on experiment in new inventions, machinery that did not work, and divers who proved beyond doubt that human existence even in twenty fathoms of water with a sixty-pound pressure to the square inch was a waste of time, is as much a loss as the ships at the bottom of the sea.

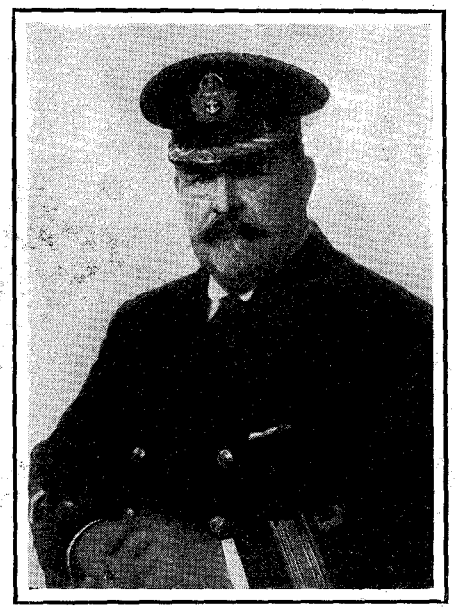
One jolly British seafaring man who merely laughed at these puny efforts of the many to do an impossible task is Commodore Sir Frederick Young, who was Chief of the Salvage Section of the British Admiralty during the war. After a record of having salvaged more than four hundred merchant ships and having saved the British Government a sum in the neighborhood of $250,000,000 by this achievement, he is retiring from his war labors.

He only recently completed the last bit of work in connection with the clearing of the Zeebrugge and Ostend harbors, where the sunken British cruisers blocked the enemy way to the sea.

Commodore Young, who has had forty years of experience in rescuing stricken ships, is too wise in the ways of the sea to attempt the impracticable in any of his war-time or post-war salvage work.

To attempt to raise the Lusitania would be, in his opinion, a great waste of time and money.

"I do not say it would be a physical impossibility," this salvage expert pointed out, "but the cost of such an undertaking would far exceed the value of the ship and whatever may be left of its cargo or valuables.



COMMODORE SIR FREDERICK YOUNG, CHIEF OF SALVAGE SECTION, BRITISH ADMIRALTY, DURING THE WAR

Sir Frederick was instrumental in saving over four hundred merchant ships

"From a business standpoint, the salvaging of ships that lie in great depths of water is an impossible proposition. Men who know this business thoroughly would never resort to such attempts."

Then there is another point to consider in this fascinating rainbow adventure into the undersea life. Scores of people, scenting a quick fortune to be made in such salvage work since the war, have occupied themselves with all sorts of experiments made "on their own." Only recently an Englishwoman fitted out a sailing vessel, and, with some sort of paraphernalia by which she hoped to conduct salvage work around the English coast, sailed forth into the promised land of adventure. So far her efforts at accomplishing her purpose have been confined to a sort of joy ride at sea—nothing more.

In fact, she would have to do a good piece of work to make something above the expenses of the trip, for there are laws that apply to the life of the sea, particularly to its disasters, that must be taken into consideration. One may not pick up valuables which the sea has given up and retain them, any more than one may shoplift with impunity at a department store. For example, parts of lost cargo washed ashore may not be retained by the finder. He must turn such stuff found into one of the receiver's offices, which are maintained at many ports along the British coast. After a certain time, fixed by law, the matter is adjusted, and the finder or salver is allowed about thirty per cent of the value of the find. In the case of lost ships, the vessels and their cargoes continue to be the property of the owners, no matter how long they remain in the water. And, as has been proved by the efforts of many since the war, smuggling ships into harbor is not so easy as it seems on paper. The all-important fact, as many have learned, is that first one must land the ships. Appropriating even a sunken vessel is, under the law, termed piracy, and heavy punishment is attached. One or two instances of this happened during post-war salvage work. A tugboat captain, enterprising and alert to the opportunity of earning some salvage money, noticed a vessel beached at low tide. It was one the salvage corps had been working on for some time and was just about to raise, when the tugboat captain ran alongside one night and towed her into port. When the men came to work the next morning and found the ship gone, they sent out an alarm to the Coast Guard and made inquiries at the various ports, and when they discovered what had happened were about ready to prosecute the tugboat captain. However, a compromise was made, and the captain proved to their satisfaction that he had no intention of willfully nabbing the vessel. He merely thought, he said, the sea had, through some extraordinary current running, given up the ship, and he considered it his duty to get it ashore. Acts of proved piracy are punishable even by death, the old law of piracy holding good to the present day.

The popular method of raising ships in difficulty—the one which Commodore Young has resorted to in most of his work—is that of lifting them by huge steel wire hawsers placed under the ships, and then floating them at high tide by the aid of lifting craft arranged on either side of the stricken vessel.

For instance, the Ranger, a sort of "first aid" ship of this type, holds the record of rescue work at sea.

While in war service, the total distance steamed by the Ranger from casualty to casualty around the British Isles was nearly 17,000 miles.

The Linton, a sister ship of the same class, had almost as enviable a record, and both were used in the work com-

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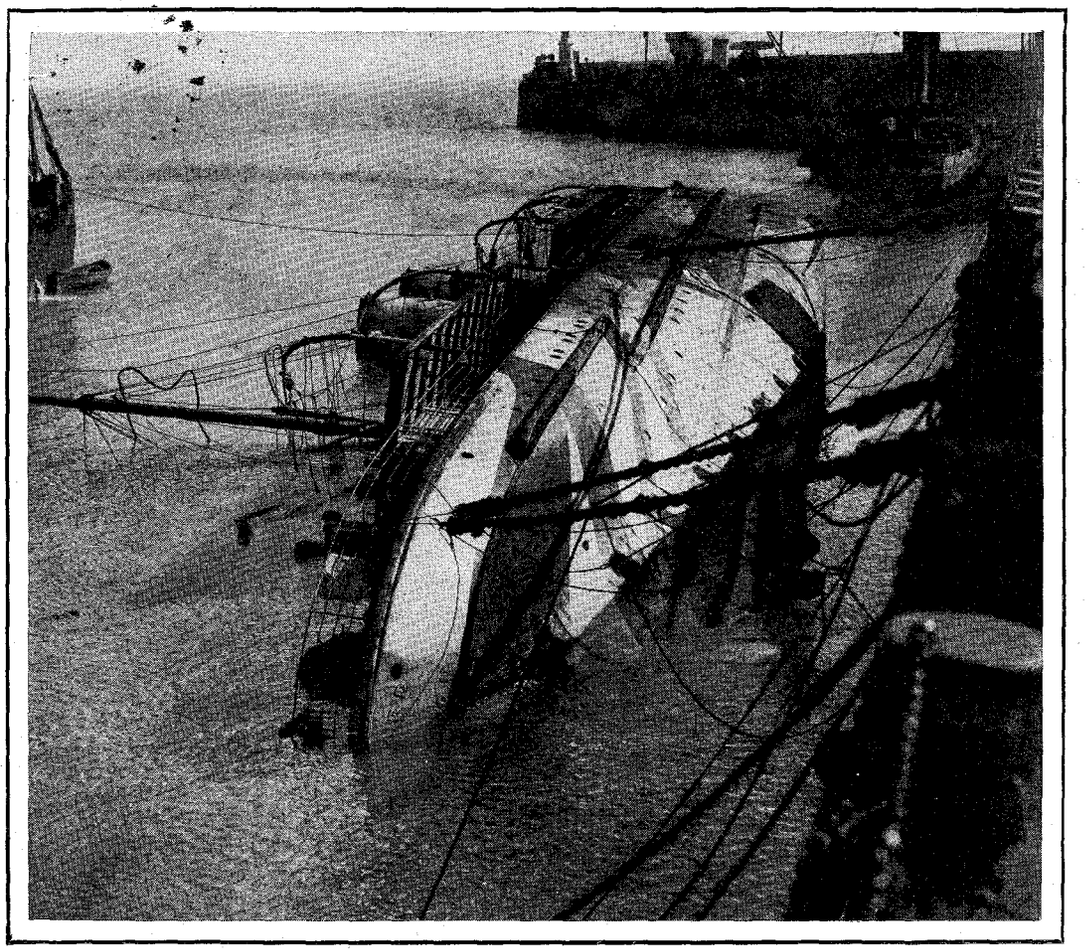

SALVING A SHIP THAT TURNED OVER AFTER AN ACCIDENT

pleted only recently at Zeebrugge. Both ships are now retired from the Admiralty service.

One of the quickest pieces of work accomplished by the Linton and her expert crew was in raising the steamer Devona, which was sunk after a collision. Her cargo consisted of about five thousand tons of grain in bulk and fifteen tons of flour. When overtaken by the Linton, she lay with decks submerged fore and aft. In three days' time she was floated and taken alongside the wharf at Southampton.

A rescue that won the Ranger and its crew great praise from the Admiralty was that of the steamer Westmoreland. She was carrying a general cargo from the colonies. The estimated value of her hull and cargo exceeded twelve million dollars. She was torpedoed and sunk off the Cumberland coast, in a very exposed position, and at high tide had sixteen feet of water over her upper deck. After three months' arduous work she was eventually salved by the Ranger and towed to Liverpool for repairs. In ordinary times her valuable cargo would have been considered a total loss. Divers were set to work. They crept through the shaft tunnel, and, making holes under the flooded holds, drained these into the stoke-hold and the engine-room. The holes were plugged and the holds filled with compressed air. This same operation was then applied to the stoke-hold and other compartments, and gradually this large and valuable steamer was lifted up on the beach. The whole of the cargo was salved. The cargo, much of it being taken off onto other vessels, lightened the stricken vessel considerably, so she was more easily floated. In a few weeks' time she was back in the service again, and the cargo, so much needed for the armies, was completely saved.

In these days of standardization it is interesting to know that the first-aid repairs to damaged ships are effected with a standard patch. This patch is fixed and held in position by an extremely ingenious contrivance of wires and weights, and is applied as soon as the ragged edges left by the accident are removed. The process enables the work of repair to be carried on from the inside of the ship.

Such salvage work, however, is performed under the most hazardous conditions. Of course bad and stormy weather adds to the peril, and, as Commodore Young pointed out, it is clear sailing in fair weather, and only stormy weather brings wrecks at sea. Then, too, work which has taken days to perform is sometimes swept away by a single heavy sea.

Another very great difficulty with which salvage work is faced concerns the big accumulation of gases in the holds of sunken vessels. The gases caused by grain give the most trouble. Grain develops sulphureted hydrogen (and this often causes semi-blindness and violent sickness to the men employed on this kind of work) as well as other dangerous gases which are fatal to human life. However, a chemist during the war discovered a preparation which meets this difficulty somewhat. This preparation is sprayed over the rotting cargoes and quite effectively kills the gases, or, after being sprayed in a compartment filled with deadly gases, quickly renders it safe to work in.

One of the most thrilling experiences of the salvage section was the rescue of one of the largest and most up-to-date British submarines during the war. She was undergoing her final official trial and was making one more dive, when she failed to reappear. The salvage ship Thrush, lying near by, was immediately despatched to the scene, and was soon joined by the Ranger. These two salvage craft, after considerable difficulty, succeeded in locating and lifting one end of the submarine sufficiently to effect the release of forty-seven of the officers and crew, after they had been imprisoned at a depth of eleven fathoms for fifty-eight hours. In this operation tremendous risk was taken, for, only a short while after the last survivor was extricated, the lifting wires carried away and the vessel sank again. Nevertheless operations were at once begun for refloating her, and by means of compressed air all water was expelled from her, and eventually she was brought to the surface

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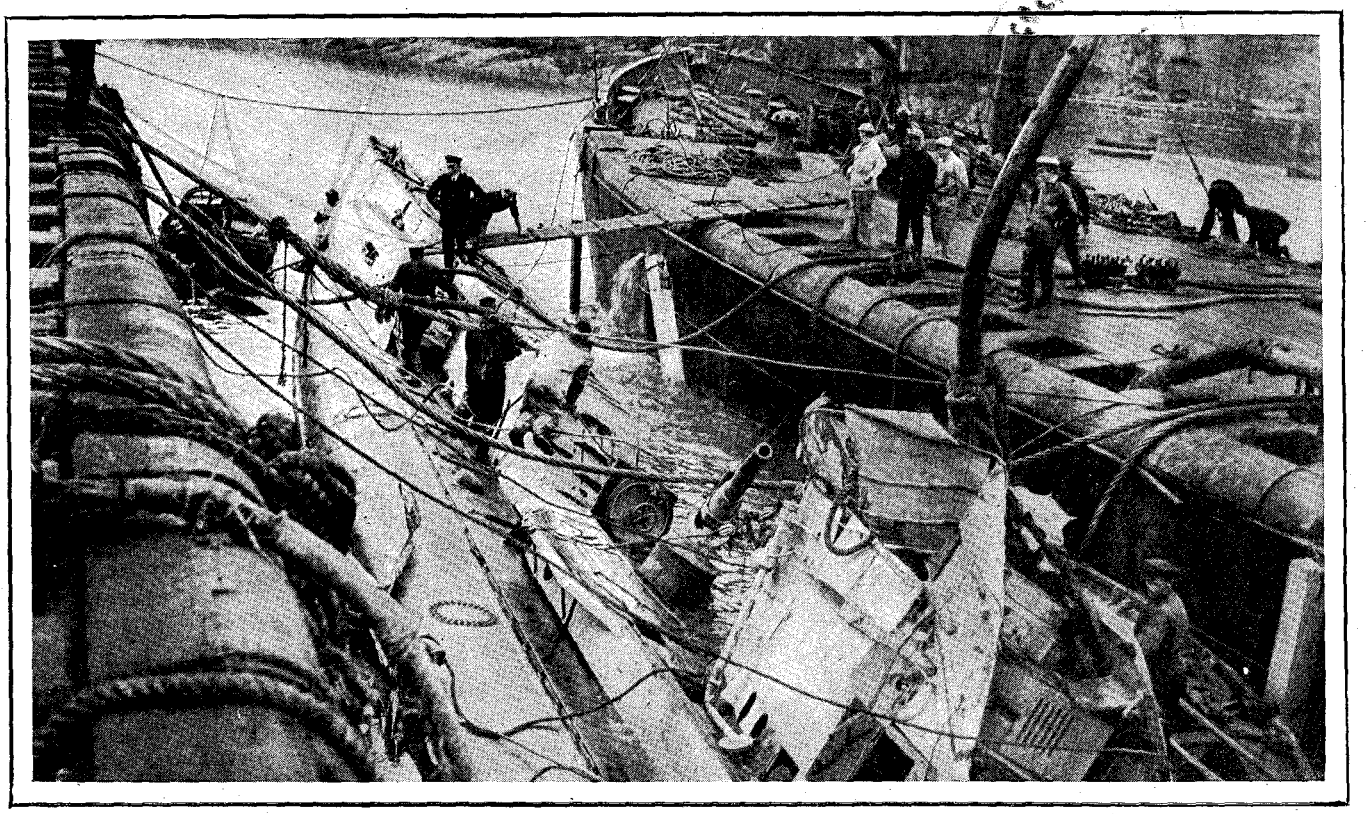


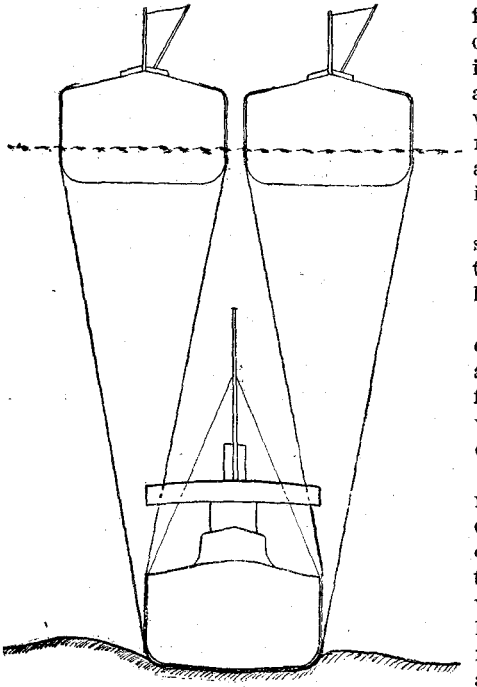
TWO LIFTING CRAFT WITH SUBMARINE BETWEEN (WIRES ATTACHED TO HOIST THE U-BOAT)

and some time after was put back into commission.

Perhaps few outside of those who actually were engaged in this dangerous business at sea during the war will ever appreciate what this work meant to the Allies, and what it would mean in case of another great war. Thrilling stories of burning ships at sea after an explosion had occurred in the hold, setting fire to dangerous explosives being carried to the seat of war, and how salvage crews working in the face of death succeeded in laying the fire and saving the ship, could be enumerated at length by these men.

Lifting huge ships weighing several thousand tons by means of steel wires and the aid of lifting craft appears an impracticable thing to the lay mind. However, hundreds of sailing vessels now in good condition can testify to this excellent method of saving a ship's life. Commodore Young worked out this plan to perfection in all his operations at sea. If a ship sinks in a reasonable depth of water, permitting the work of divers to be carried on, there is hope of saving her, even though the storms may hammer her severely and the tides harass her.

The divers are first set to work to locate the sunken vessel, and after this a number of steel lifting wires, each capable of bearing a strain of 250 tons, are placed under the ship, the number of wires varying according to the weight of the ship to be lifted. In the case of a small British cruiser thirty-two of these lifting wires had to be placed under the vessel, which had sunk eighteen feet into the clay. It will be seen that the operation of placing these cables is a very difficult one and cannot be done by the divers' efforts alone, so compressed air and hydraulic appliances are used to cut passages under the ship. When this has been accomplished, lifting vessels of sufficient buoyancy to carry the sunken wreck are brought out and placed on each side of her. In order to prevent these lifting vessels capsizing or taking too great a list, an interesting method of making the cables fast is adopted; *i. e.*, one cable is taken from the inside of the lifting vessel under the sunken ship to the outside of the opposite lifting vessel and from the inside of the opposite lifting vessel to the outside of the other one, making a cross in the cable. The wires are then tightened by machinery and made fast across the decks of the lifting craft by heavy clamps. See the accompanying diagram. The lifting vessels are fitted with compartments which can be filled and emptied by pumps. At the commencement of the operations all the compartments are filled with water, and after the lifting cables are made fast they are pumped out, and the tide does the rest—that is to say, the ship is lifted the height of the rise of tide and taken towards the shore until the water is shoaled, when the operation is repeated until the vessel's decks are dry and she can be patched and pumped out in the ordinary manner.



LIFTING LIGHTERS IN POSITION (WIRES SECURED AND PINNED AT LOW TIDE)

Sometimes several efforts are necessary at high tide before the ship begins to crawl out of her mud-hole and dips her helm into the swiftly rising sea.

This operation is not carried out as easily as it sounds when telling about it, and to this fact may be attributed the failure of many who have attempted to wrench from the sea its secrets of hidden treasure.

The only big job on which work is now going on to a limited degree and on which some progress has been made concerns the salvaging of some part of the millions' worth of gold bullion which went down in the Laurentia. The ship lies in a great depth of water, which makes the work slow and hazardous, and only small success so far has been achieved by the occasional divers on the job.

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TRUMPETS AT JERICHO

BY LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

TRUMPETS at Jericho! The thunderous fall
Of masonry! Can you so soon forget
That silver music fingering the tall,
Doomed towers of eld to think them standing yet?
With bleeding hands laboriously you set
Stone upon stone, and built yourself a wall,
Strong to endure in scarp and parapet,
Above disaster, mightiest of them all.

There, in the lonely turret of your star,
Impregnable, sequestered, undismayed,
You watch while constellations flame and fade . . .
Have you not heard a whisper where you are?—
A burst of silver music sternly blown
Before the gates of kingdoms overthrown?

MEN WHO MAKE MONEY

BY WILLIAM P. HELM, JR.

SOMEWHAT more than seven years ago a group of twenty-three business men sat down to make out their Federal income-tax returns for the year 1914. All of them had experienced a disastrous year; some of them were virtual bankrupts.

As they lived in different sections of the country and were not personally acquainted, they could hardly be called a group except for the act of the Internal Revenue Bureau at Washington which, upon receiving the returns, classified them under one heading. In that manner these men became grouped. So far as the Government was concerned, they were rank failures. They not only reported no income whatever, but had lost money during the year to the extent of more than a million and a half dollars, an average of nearly seventy-five thousand dollars apiece.

Of course they paid no income tax. All they contributed toward the revenues of the Federal Government was the information contained in their returns. That was of no special value at the time; and, as it costs money to check and verify returns, these men, in fact, were a financial burden upon the community rather than an asset to it.

On the face of the returns, they had in common but one thing—failure. But something that did not show upon the face of the tax returns—something no tax return has ever shown or ever will show, because it is beyond human ingenuity to show it on paper—also was a common possession.

That something was the ability to come back.

In 1919, five years later, the Government's statistical experts at Washington selected for purposes of comparison those twenty-three returns from the big sheaf where it keeps its record of men who have failed. There was a reason for this selection. The reason was that those men had all come back. At some time within the five-year period each one of those failures had lifted himself out of the failure class. Each one had made net $300,000 or more in a single year.

One of them made in a single year $548,000; another made $980,000; a third passed the million-dollar mark by more than $73,000; a fourth made $1,373,000; and the fifth hung up a record of $1,608,000. The fifth man, incidentally, accomplished the feat within twelve months, reporting his maximum earnings in 1915.

The story of those twenty-three men is not fiction. No facts are so cold as the facts of the income-tax return. In making them public the Government offers no analysis of the causes which contributed to success or failure. It simply gives the bare results in the cold, unemotional atmosphere which attaches to long tabulations of figures with the dollar mark before them.

Who were these men? Again the Government is silent, for the law forbids publication of anything which would establish the identity of a taxpayer. The Tax Bureau is long on figures, short on names. But if any one cares to check the information, it may be found on page 101 of the Treasury Department's recent bulletin, "Statistics of Income for 1919."

How these men accomplished their come-back, therefore, will never form text of preachment from platform or pulpit. It is a story lost to the world unless they themselves come forward to tell it. We only know that they did come back. It used to be that such stories were found only in fiction, but that was before the Government of the United States began the publication of sworn and verified income-tax returns.

There are other stories in the small-typed figures that lie between the reddish-brown covers of the Government's bulletin; stories of success beyond the novelist's wildest dream; stories, too, of men who fail.

In 1919 there were eleven men in the United States who made more money than any one else. Their joint incomes for the year aggregated more than $71,000,000. None of them earned less than $3,000,000. The average was about $6,500,000.

The earnings of those men have been traced back by the Government. Although the search extends back five years, it is necessary to follow it only one year, or to 1918, to find what is perhaps the most dazzling contrast that illumines the entire records of the Treasury Department.

The record discloses that in 1918 these eleven men enjoyed about the same total income. Five of them, however, had incomes averaging $7,500,000; two had average incomes of about $2,750,000; and three others had incomes varying from $567,000 down to $270,000.

The eleventh man's income in 1918 was exactly $6,688.

How would it feel to jump from a $6,700 income to a $3,000,000 income within a year? That man knows. He knows what it is to increase his income by at least forty-four thousand per cent within twelve months. He probably is

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the only $6,700 man in the United States who has ever enjoyed the sensation.

Those who profess to believe that the United States no longer holds out possibilities for making money that it held out in the past would do well to ponder on what that man has done.

Obviously, from the Government's tabulation, that man was a millionaire even in 1918 and had millions to work with. In that year, apparently, his investments went wrong, for prior to 1918 he enjoyed an income of not less than $287,000, that being the minimum income reported by any of the eleven men in his group for 1917. His case, therefore, is not that of a salaried man who made a financial killing.

But there are such cases apparently. Take the case of the fifty-nine men who earned $10,000 a year or less in 1914.

That group of individuals earned an aggregate of $380,000 in 1914. They therefore averaged slightly more than $6,000 apiece.

In 1915 their earnings jumped to $6,600,000, an increase of more than sixteen hundred per cent. One of the fifty-nine earning less than $10,000 in 1914 earned more than $2,480,000 in 1915. He boosted his income by nearly twenty-five thousand per cent within the year. It was his best year, too, for the highest single income reported thereafter by any individual of the group was $40,000 less than that man's 1915 income. It may be that the same man reported both of these huge incomes. On that point the Government's statement, censored by the law's requirements, is silent.

There are many more such stories in the tax returns—hundreds of them. They are all true, for the Government's trained investigators have checked and verified the figures. They are stories of men who came back. There is such a sameness to them that one would tire of reading further instances. But they all illustrate, far better than water-colors or oils could possibly portray, that in this land of opportunity there is no such thing as failure for the man of energy and brains.

Turning the page, we find another story in the tax returns. It is not such pleasant reading as the one just told. It is the story of the millionaires of yesterday, the men who have made money and lost it. And again the Government is silent as to names or causes which brought about the losses.

Twenty-six men, for instance, each made from $1,000,000 to $1,500,000 in 1914. Since then, however, only ten have held their ground or prospered. Those ten lifted themselves up to an average of more than $2,500,000 in 1919. Two of them averaged $7,000,000 apiece. The other sixteen failed to maintain the pace they set five years before. Their incomes dropped from $1,000,000 in 1914 to from $600,000 apiece in the case of three men down to losses of more than $250,000 apiece in the case of two men in 1919.

What caused these men to lose? Was it that their business judgment, so sound in 1914, waned within five years? Or was it that, having made their fortunes, they relaxed to lives of ease? Were they victims of their own misplaced confidence? Were they spendthrifts? Couldn't they stand prosperity? The list of questions that comes to mind is curtailed only by the imagination of the individual asking them.

Those questions probably will never be answered. The record of failures is sealed in the Government archives as securely as the record of the men who have come back to prosperity from the land of adversity.

He who wants to read the future may learn the average of his prospects for success or failure by studying the tax returns.

They show, for instance, that coal mining, popularly regarded as a certain road to wealth, is one of the most hazardous ventures to which dollars can be put. More than 3,200 corporations were engaged in the industry in 1919. More than half lost money. Those that prospered made an average of fourteen cents a ton, net, on the annual output of these mines.

Those figures and the ones that follow apply only to corporations. The Government has classified their tax returns. It has not so classified the individual returns. Hence a comparison between corporation and individual endeavor in any branch of industry is unobtainable. The returns of corporations, however, are illuminating. What is more important, they are correct—to the dollar.

Of all corporation activities, the banking business is the safest. The Government's figures show that of the 28,000 and more State and National banks and trust companies more than 25,000 operated at a profit in 1919. Thus the chances of making money in that business, as measured by the tax returns, are nine out of ten.

Ten per cent of the banks lost money during the year, but not much, the average loss being about $400. Doubtless every one of these was financially sound, even though it failed to make a profit. State and Federal governments safeguard these institutions so thoroughly that a bank failure these days is an extreme rarity.

The man who owns a gold mine, the tax returns show, has one chance in four to prosper—no more. Of more than 500 gold, silver, and precious metal mines operated by corporations in 1919, 122 made money. Their total profits were slightly more than $5,000,000. Nearly 400 lost money, their losses being nearly $11,000,000.

Even so, the average of success in gold mining was higher than in copper. One copper company in eight made money in 1919. True, the year was unusual, and the copper industry was hit harder, perhaps, than most others. Nevertheless the most unfortunate investor in the country, according to the tax returns, was the man who owned a copper mine that year. Next to him among the unfortunates was the owner of a gold mine.

Chances of making money in oil are about one in three. Nearly 3,000 corporations engaged in the oil business filed returns for 1919. Nearly two-thirds reported losses. Next in hazard was cotton farming. Again it should be remembered that the figures apply only to corporations. Eleven cotton-farming corporations out of twenty-one made a profit. The corporation in that business had about a fifty-fifty chance to succeed.

In the field of manufactures the maker of textile fabrics took first place as a money-maker, with the boot-and-shoe manufacturer crowding him hard. The textile manufacturer had seven chances to win and one to lose, and the industry applied itself to its work with such excellent skill that its earnings totaled more than $625,000,000 and its losses less than $5,000,000. The boot-and-shoe manufacturer had a shade less than seven chances out of eight to succeed. In the aggregate his earnings totaled nearly $110,000,000 and his losses but little more than $750,000.

The clothing trade, the figures show, offers a reasonably safe field for activity, but conditions are spotty with respect to different branches of the industry. Makers of men's clothing, suits and overcoats, were more than ninety per cent successful, but the high average attained in that branch was lowered for the industry as a whole by losses in other branches. The man in the clothing business, the tax returns say, has slightly better than five chances to win against one to lose.

Among smaller corporations, chances for success were greatest in the saddlery and harness business. Of every twenty-four corporations in that line twenty-three prospered in 1919, although the average profit was slightly less than $50,000 for each concern.

But nowhere in corporation activities is there recorded a parallel to the achievements of the individual. The man who comes back soars infinitely higher than the corporation. He may carry the standard of his success up to twenty-five thousand per cent increase in earnings within a single year. To such an individual success comes with the irresistible force of an avalanche, sweeping all obstacles before it, grinding them into the dust over which it advances.

Not so with the corporation. Its earnings rise and fall, but, like the tides, they observe well-marked and definite limitations. All the corporation-owned gold mines in the country won but a fraction of the success achieved by two unnamed individuals in 1919. No corporation may count among its assets the boundless measure of the individual's most valuable possession—that possession which is not reported on the tax return and never can be so reported—the ability to come back.

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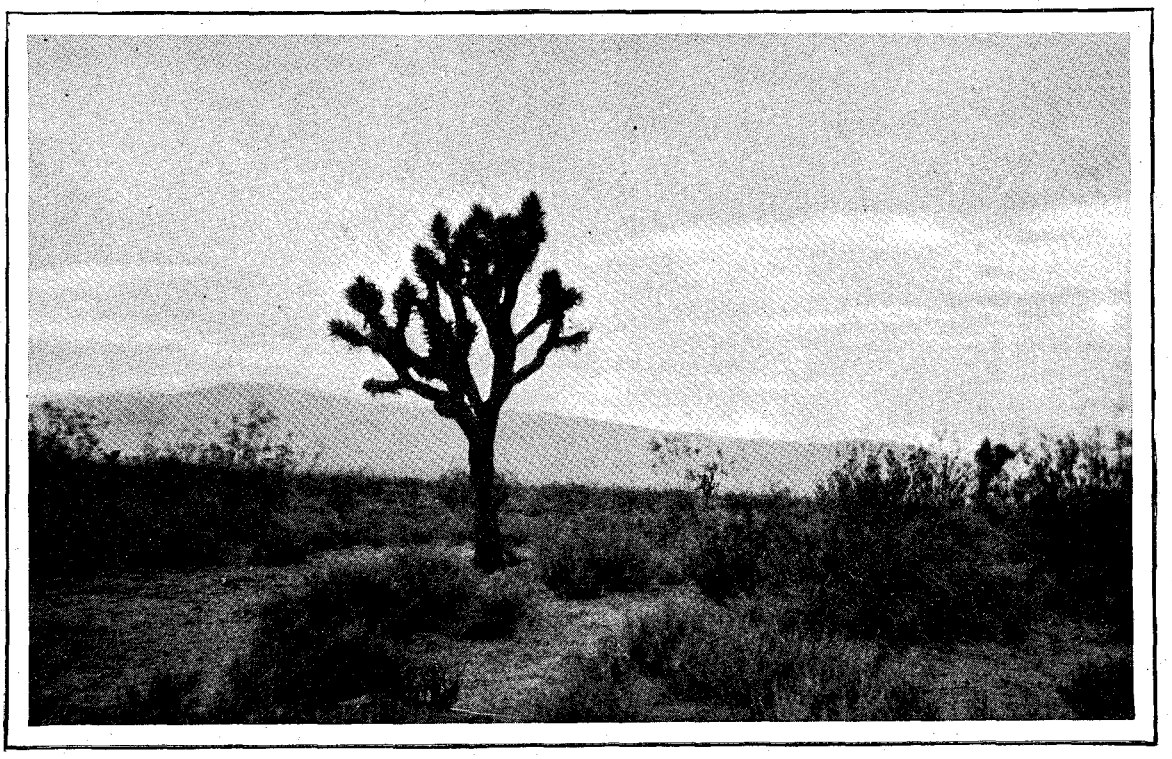
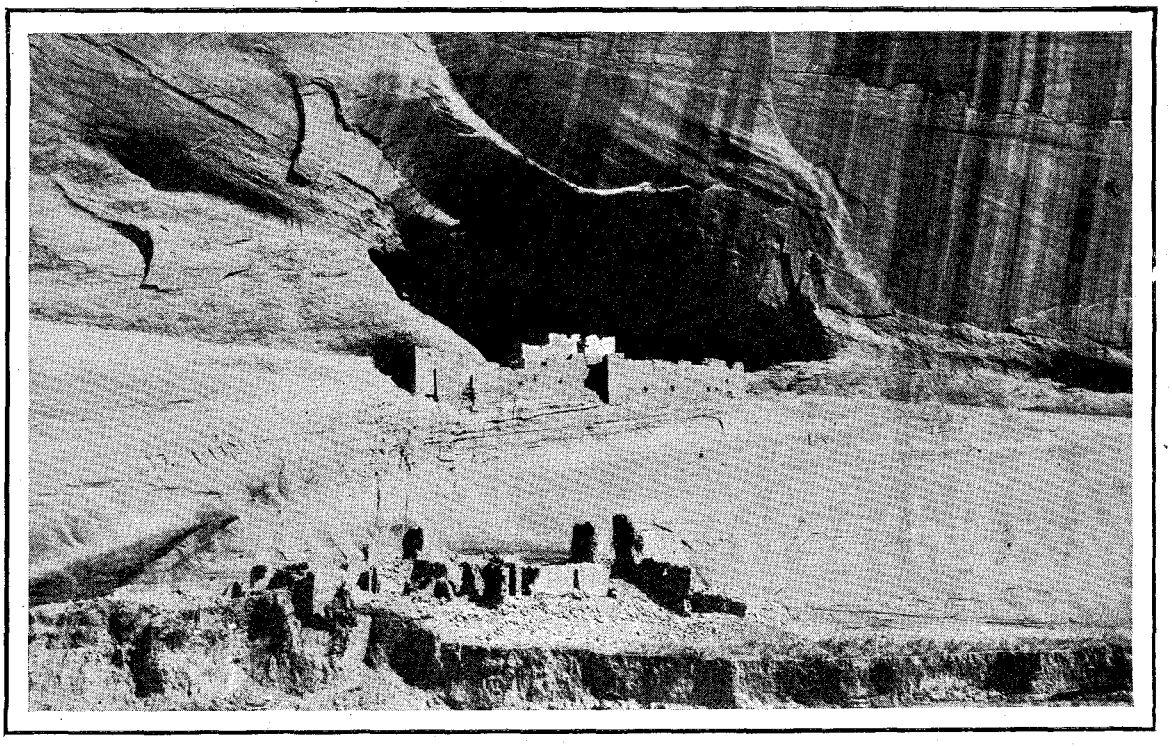
DESERT LANDS AND DESERTED HOMES

PICTURES FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



SUNSET ON THE MOJAVE DESERT, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



THE "WHITE HOUSE," A CLIFF CASTLE IN CANYON DE CHELLY, NORTHERN ARIZONA

From Philip Johnston, Los Angeles, California

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THE BOOK TABLE

IN TERMS OF AMERICAN LIFE

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

AS the aftermath of the war has settled upon the world, men have become less and less satisfied with a naïve and immediate explanation which involves only Germany and the unfortunate Archduke Ferdinand. Men's minds have become centered upon Western civilization itself—how thin the veneer of it, after all, how subtle and yet how vast the forces of disruption which lurk beneath the surface, what a battle it is to preserve the civilization which a few years ago we thought strong enough to endure the assaults of every foe! Lothrop Stoddard has shown in his most recent book[1] how the danger to what is best in modern civilization is deeper than the war. The war has hastened the oncoming of the danger, has shaken and strained civilization to the breaking-point, has hastened racial impoverishment; but the real causes of what the world is now experiencing lie deeper than the war.

The first fact we have to face is a fact of biology—that some racial stocks are permanently weak and some are strong; but the strongest peoples, the strongest stocks, of to-day have no greater physical or intellectual capacity than the strongest stocks of civilization long buried in the past. The germ-plasm of capacity flows at approximately the same level through the centuries. The acquired characteristics of individuals of one generation are not transmitted to the individuals of the next. Each generation may develop a more complicated social environment and pass it on; but each new generation takes over the more difficult and complex environment at the cost of distinct and increased effort on the part of the individuals of the new generation, who have no greater inherited capacity to bear the burden than those who have gone before, and who, in the experience of all civilizations hitherto, have shown a progressively weakening capacity to bear the burden.

The tendency of civilization is to rear a greater and greater structural load upon its human foundations. That is peculiarly true of our own civilization. Power, organization, wealth, luxury, leisure, art, science, learning, government, a vast complex of values good and bad, now engage the energies of man. And a brain famine has set in. Neither in government nor economics, the two fields in which extraordinarily wise leadership is indispensable to civilization, do we find in the world to-day the intellectual capacity or the character to bear the increasing burden. Misgovernment among the nations and a world-wide economic and industrial warfare are the ripe fruits of this incapacity.

There have been many civilizations in the past, great civilizations, and they are all gone. Modern biology makes it clear to us that there is no law of the decay of civilizations, but there are reasons for it. In the period of barbarism and savagery the weak, the stupid, and the degenerate were ruthlessly eliminated in the struggle for life and livelihood. In civilization the delinquents and defectives, the unadaptable and the incapable, have not only been supported by the superior stocks, but have bred to their desire's content. It is humane to care for the insane, the habitual pauper, or the instinctive criminal; but is it in the interest of civilization to allow him to reproduce his kind?

But that is not all of it nor the worst of it. When a race enters into civilization, it enters "in the pink of condition." In the earlier stages of its history it has eliminated its weaklings. The superior individuals have the choicest mates and the largest families. These are the simple values of the time. But we know that the expanding desires and demands of civilization alter that. A distinguished biologist of New England reckons that at the present rate of reproduction a thousand Harvard graduates of to-day will have only fifty descendants two centuries hence, whereas a thousand Rumanians in Boston, at their present rate of breeding, will have one hundred thousand descendants in the same space of time. Biological regression, the scientists call it. Not complete, because there may be many individuals in the Rumanian stock capable of climbing the social ladder and becoming superior; but the best-tried stock, the stock we know about as fit to organize and apply sound social control to civilization, is passing in many important parts of America.

But that is not all. There is a large element of primitive traits in most populations—people unadapted to progress, of wild nature, who have no desire nor capacity to keep pace with civilization. They are continually on the border-line of unrest and revolt. In ordinary times social control represses them. But in time of war, in time of vast dissension, of profound political or industrial or social injustice, "they gather themselves for the spring." They feel themselves to be permanent under-men. They know that civilization is not, can never be, for them. They are always ready, with reasons good or bad, for a revolt against orderly progress, against civilization.

In time of grave economic and social injustice in the latter part of the eighteenth century this human element showed its teeth in France, and frequently and yet more frequently in various corners of Europe during the nineteenth century. This was the time of the triumph of machine industry and capitalism, when abuses were rife, when a great number of people were precipitated into the depths who did not belong there. Mere evolution towards political liberalism became too slow. Karl Marx and evolutionary Socialism raised its head. Then at the close of the nineteenth century appeared Georges Sorel and revolutionary Syndicalism—the state to be abolished, but a federation of trade unions to take its place; the class struggle, direct action, the general strike, sabotage, frightfulness, chaos, the dictatorship of the proletariat, "the war of the hand against the brain."

The most startling phenomenon of the aftermath of the Great War exhibits this reversion to the primitive in Russia, a country which occupies one-sixth of the earth's surface and embraces a population of 150,000,000. Russia, a land of wild, barbaric racial strains, having yet hardly learned the alphabet of social order, is the natural home of this fierce outburst of rebellion against the good and evil of civilization. Cold and naked ness, plague and famine, arrogance and terrorism, the tragic destruction of the middle class—these be the early fruits of the revolt against civilization. But the clearest revelation of the primitive sub-consciousness which now rules Russia, whatever Tchitcherin and Lenine may say, is the attitude of the proletarian Government towards the intellectuals of Russia, who, as Stoddard writes, "have long stood bravely between the despotism of the Czar and the benighted masses, striving to liberalize the one and enlighten the other, accepting persecution and misunderstanding as part of their noble task." These have been killed and starved and driven into exile by the new radicalism of Russia—the revolt of the new radicalism against superior intelligence. It is the same hatred of genius and learning which Robespierre showed by sending the great chemist Lavoisier to the guillotine with the remark: "Science is aristocratic; the Republic has no need of savants."

All this mainly, though not entirely, according to Stoddard. And now, speaking mainly, though not entirely, personally, I know it is part of the question which split the Genoa Conference, and I know it has distinctly two sides; but I yet hold that the policy which was back of the refusal of Secretary Hughes, of our Government, to recognize or treat with the emotional sub-conscious class mind of the Russian Soviet in its arrogant revolt against civilization is the surest statesmanship to follow. If America is to err at all, America errs safest on that side.

I am not one of those who believe that

[1] The Revolt Against Civilization. By Lothrop Stoddard. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

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America has no concern with the affairs of Europe. I am no apostle of perpetual aloofness from the remainder of mankind. But I hold that America, as well as Europe, must first become a better master of herself. There is more promise in American life than in the life of any other land, but there is many a threat of peril in American life as well. The laxness in economic and social and vital morale has a foothold in America—had it long before the war. It is a part of the deterioration of character wherever the prosperity of the industrial revolution in the last hundred years has carried greatly and suddenly increased welfare to large numbers of the population who had formerly struggled in hardship and straitened circumstances. Steam and electricity and gasoline, "rays and waves and powers" of which man had never before dreamed, have produced a volume of comforts, commodities, opportunities for ease and luxury, for large numbers of people in America never enjoyed before in the history of the world.

The war taught us something. The intelligence tests which we administered to more than 1,700,000 American officers and men demonstrated two things—first, that the average intelligence of the rising generation in America is not high, and that that precious factor itself is being steadily bred out of the American population by the rapid influx of certain inferior racial stocks, or at least of a multitude of inferior representatives of certain racial stocks. Where are your great thoughtful Americans, without whose vision the country perishes and of whose genius America never stood so much in need? Marshall could think; Lincoln could think, no man of his day more clearly, more deeply, than he. Where, in the world of industry and politics in the more democratic America of our time, are the superior men of vision who can think—men of character, sympathetic with popular freedom and capable of leading the people to act upon their thinking? Governmentally we have not been left entirely desolate. From Hamilton and Jefferson to Root and Roosevelt and Wilson and Hughes the American democracy has been helped by availing itself of the disciplined thinking and guidance of men of great intelligence, who have usually acquitted themselves with distinction and discretion. But the tide of democracy, bearing fears as well as hopes, sweeps resistlessly on, with disquieting symptoms of industrial immorality, of social inefficiency, of governmental feebleness, of public inertia upon affairs National and international. All the more need is there that the brains and conscience of the leadership of democracy should keep pace with the march of democracy.

Whether we advance or retreat in America depends, in the last analysis, upon whether we are led by a dynamic minority of brains and sympathy or by a dynamic minority of mattoids and morons. That means of course, in terms of biology, that we must breed from the right stock. And that means that America must pick the representatives of her immigrant racial strains with a good deal more care than she has since the Civil War.

And it is not all in heredity. If the structural load of civilization weighs too heavily upon American human kind, we can lessen the load. We can alter our values. It is time we did it. It is time we thought far less of commercial values, of speeding up for riches, of luxury and materialism. It is time as a nation that we paid more attention to a life that is simple, to the things of the mind, of taste, and of culture—far less costly, but also in the best sense far richer. We thus follow the social philosophy of our distinguished American sociologist, Giddings. As he urges, we can employ the simpler and more spontaneous, more co-operative ways of getting things done as against the method of getting them done by Governmental agencies with enormous overhead, waste, inefficiency, armies of civil servants. The evolutionary and cultural ways rather than the revolutionary and coercive ways are much less costly and would enormously diminish the operating expenses of civilization.

The concentration of superiority in the higher levels, where it can be most effective in leadership, depends upon how well the channels of opportunity are kept open in America, so that the best in the lower levels may be drained into the higher levels. This we call in America equality of opportunity—the only kind of equality which nature or a sound philosophy believes in. Of later years we have not been so true to this American philosophy. We have adopted "leveling" practices. In American public education we have developed a tendency to run every boy or girl, bright pupil or dullard, through the same mold. The intellectual work of the student bodies in our colleges as a whole we have leveled down to the average or below the average; precisely as some of the labor unions do which debase and discourage bright workingmen by the "go-slow" rules of the union. There are large numbers of students in every college—the best of them from the standpoint of future leadership—whose powers find insufficient outlet and interest in the mass-curriculum constructed for the mass-average. There is an increasing multitude of workingmen who under a false doctrine of equality are having their capacities leveled to the mediocre.

Revolutions never happen. They are caused. They are precipitated mainly by inefficient government, burdensome taxation, by arrogant and greedy industrialism. They follow the previous undermining and discrediting of the existing social order. The wild race for armament, the resulting intolerable weight of taxes, the economic materialism of the ruling classes of Europe, precipitated the war and the revolutionary aftermath of the war.

Bourbonism prepares the ground for revolution. Bourbonism promotes material progress, but chokes human progress. Bourbonism blocks reform, breeds discontent, thickens the crust of reaction, brings on the earthquake and the cataclysm.

I do not find myself able to follow Mr. Bryan before Southern Legislatures, Southern churches, and Southern college commencements in his flaming opposition to the theory of evolution. In the field in which Mr. Bryan is more at home, the field of ethics, I frequently find little difficulty in following him. I hold with him that civilization is expanding morality. I distrust, with Stoddard, those who all over the world are in violent revolt against civilization, because they make their appeal to envy, hatred, and malice instead of seeking to attain peace on earth, good will among men. They have chosen direct action, sabotage, the general strike, proletarian violence, the ruin of transportation, the paralyzing of economic life, the path of chaos, and not the path of righteousness and peace.

By right of her vast economic and moral reserve, America is fitted for the leadership of civilization. She is not yet ready to lead. She does not yet feel herself experienced enough to lead broadly in the great advance. But the period of caution and aloofness cannot last forever. More and more her wisdom will be sought in the councils of civilization. But her safety and honor at home and abroad can be preserved only by a superior human stock that will choose the right values, simplify its life, perpetuate its breed, and learn increasingly to think.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

CRYSTAL COFFIN (THE). By Maurice Rostand. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York $2.

TRULY RURAL. By Richardson Wright Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

WHITE AND BLACK. By Hubert Anthony Shands. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York $1.90.

WINDOW-GAZER (THE). By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.90.

WITHOUT COMPROMISE. By Lilian Bennet-Thompson and George Hubbard. The Century Company, New York. $1.75.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

WASHINGTON AND THE RIDDLE OF PEACE By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

WORK OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE (THE). By J. Edward Meeker. The Ronald Press Company, New York. $5.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR. By Louis P. Benezet. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

CHARACTER REVELATIONS OF MIND AND BODY. By Gerald Elton Fosbroke. G. P Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

COMING OF COAL (THE). By Robert W Bruère. The Association Press, New York $1.

STUDENT'S HISTORY OF THE HEBREWS By Laura A. Knott. Illustrated. The Abingdon Press, New York.

TERRIBLY INTIMATE PORTRAITS. By Noel Coward. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2

WELL CONSIDERED GARDEN (THE). By Mrs. Francis King. New and Revised Edition. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

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In little more than a Century

He has advanced Civilization by Ten Centuries!

IT is as difficult for you to realize how much the Chemical Engineer has contributed to your daily life as it is for your little son to realize the wonder of the motor cars that glide up the Avenue: you are so used to it all.

But, turn the pages of history a century .... and then, a few more centuries, and the infinite changes in life, the abundance of comforts and conveniences, and the luxuries that the Chemical Engineer has brought into today's civilization, are written in letters of fire.

LIFE has changed more in its essentials since the time of Thomas Jefferson .... and remember, that was in your great-grandfather's day, than Jefferson's life had changed since William the Conqueror's days. In little more than one century Civilization's frontiers have advanced farther than they had advanced in eight centuries before!

Journeys in 1806 were matters of horses' endurance just as they were in 1066; Jefferson's coach may have been easier to ride in than the Norman duke's slower vehicle .... but what is that to the smooth-riding motor that whirls you along at a mile a minute?

Rushlights are not so far from tallow-dips as tallow-dips are from electric lamps. Jefferson's buildings rose little higher than William's .... but what of the structural steels that make it possible for today's Woolworth Towers to pierce the skies? The doctors of 1806 took nearly as many chances as those of William's reign .... but the Chemical Engineer has placed in your doctor's hands specifics that silence forever the threats of many of man's dreaded scourges.

So you may run the gamut of life's needs and comforts, and you will find that, although life did change in the passing centuries from the autocratic Norman to the democratic Jefferson, the changes were mostly refinements .... seldom radical additions to man's possessions.

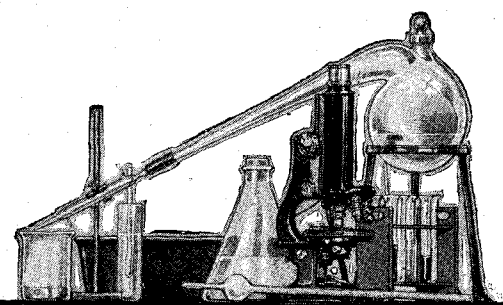
Yet the few years from Jefferson's day to yours are marked by startling, by radical changes in the way of living, changes possible only through the Chemical Engineer's slowly-won mastery over nature's elemental substances and forces .... by his miracles in metals, in petroleum, in textiles, in rubber, in explosives, and in dyes and drugs and chemicals.

* * *

IT is the growth of industrial chemistry that has made the past century the most wonderful period in man's history .... for the Chemical Engineer's province is the mastery of matter, the transformation of matter from useless to useful forms. He has in a few years changed the entire face of industry, and it is to him that the world's industries look in the future.

We, of the du Pont organization, which for 120 years has been building on this foundation of applied chemistry, take no little pride in the contributions that du Pont Chemical Engineers have made to the development of industry in the United States.

This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., and its products.



E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, Inc., Wilmington, Del.

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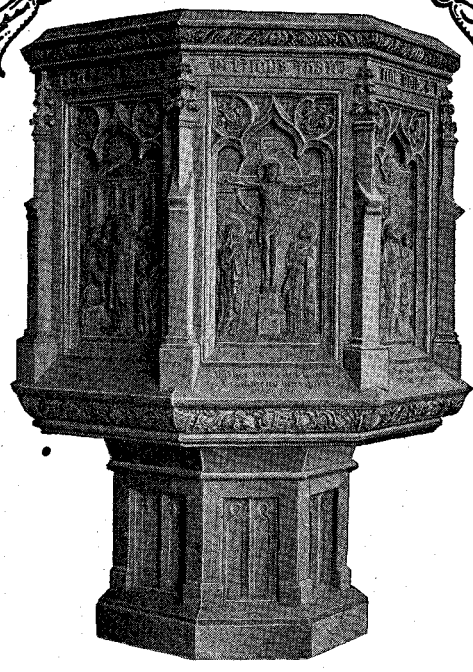


MEMORIALS THAT INSPIRE

"My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart when mine is cold."

The most fitting place for a memorial is in a hallowed church interior, and the most expressive medium is beautifully carved wood. Many examples of appropriate memorials are illustrated in our book on this subject. Let us place a copy in your hands if you desire suggestions.

THE WOOD CARVING STUDIOS OF

American Seating Company

NEW YORK 670—119 W. 40th St.
CHICAGO 18 E. Jackson Blvd.
BOSTON 81-A Canal St.

Spencerian Steel Pens

The old standard for handwriting established over 60 years ago. *10 sample* pens different patterns, gilt, silvered and bronze finish sent on receipt of *10 cents*, including a 32-page booklet on handwriting.

SPENCERIAN PEN COMPANY
349 Broadway, New York

Convenient for quick reference

Catalogs, price lists, rate books and other important reference papers are immediately at hand in the

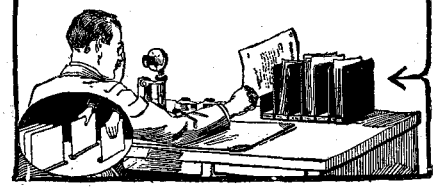
Kleradesk

Until wanted, they are out of the way in their indexed compartments. It also sorts and routes mail, memos, orders, etc., for all to whom mail is distributed. Saves time. Efficient. Convenient.

A Steel Sectional Device

Add compartments as required. Sections 90¢ each. Six-compartment Kleradesk illustrated below only $6.30 Indexed front and back. Write for free, instructive, illustrated folder, **"How to Get Greater Desk Efficiency."**

Ross-Gould Co.
483 N. 10th—St. Louis (3)
New York Chicago



THE MAIL BAG

AMERICANS IN GERMANY

If the people of Germany as a whole hate America with the fervor indicated by Mr. Danziger in "See Germany Last," I am sure that they should be extremely grateful to him for his zeal in discouraging an influx of American visitors to that country. His elucidation of the present situation and of the attitude of the German people interested me exceedingly, largely because his impressions were so far different from my own. I have not visited Bremen or Hamburg since the war, but, having been called upon to travel through southern Germany last autumn in a semi-official capacity, I returned with a very definite impression that an American was far from the least welcome of foreigners there. In the Black Forest region of Baden, Württemberg, and Bavaria there was little or no over-charging, little or no promiscuous robbery, a marked absence of any hostile feeling. I understand that at least up to a month ago the same conditions of friendliness were generally maintained. I did, indeed, visit Germany with many misgivings, with a considerable store of bitterness engendered by service in the A. E. F., and with a very fresh mental photograph of the "Zone Rouge" of France. I brought back with me no amended conception of the German character, no desire to extoll the collective humanity of the people, and no wish to struggle for the mitigation of the rightful penalty which Germany must suffer. The Englishman and the American, however, are fundamentally fair-minded, and not vindictive As Mr. Danziger points out, Germany is suffering for her wrong-doing. Is it not, perhaps, time to stop agitating an old feud, time to smooth over the extreme bitterness of an "eye for an eye" policy?

A year ago much was being said by the American newspapers in Paris in regard to the manner in which French shopkeepers were robbing Americans, in which French hotel-keepers were overcharging, and French minor officials were grasping for a hundred and fifty per cent "backsheesh." "See Germany Last" might almost be a transcription of an editorial from an American newspaper edited in Paris last summer. Its slogan was "See Paris last." We all decried the grasping attitude on the part of the French, but France was and is our ally, and most of us tried our best to prevent any bitter feeling arising from existing economic conditions. Had any American magazine attempted to publish "See France Last," there would have been cause for just condemnation. Should we judge all France through the attitude of the Parisian shopkeepers and hotel-keepers? Should we judge all Germany through the bitterness and disorganization of a few great northern cities?

By all the signs, Germany as a whole has not reformed; it is clear that we can-

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ot yet trust her in the circles of inter-ational economic conference. Neverthe-ss the economic adjustment of Europe, nd in a measure of the United States lso, depends upon a mutual willingness nd desire to get back to the old basis f commercial interchange. A bankrupt nd Bolshevist Germany is only so much ie greater menace. A solvent Germany ith the careful supervision of Allied tatesmen and financiers means a pros-erous Europe, and indirectly a prosper-us America. Vituperative criticism is step in the wrong direction. "See Ger-any Last" is not inclusive of the whole ountry. The impression it gives the eader is fundamentally dangerous and neconomic.

ARTHUR NEWTON PACK.

AN IMPROPER OUTLOOK?

I HAVE in my family a spinster of fifty years, very proud of her New England ncestry. She was sweeping and put-ng the piazza in order this morning hen I was at breakfast. She came in nd said: "Do you want I should pick p them books and papers out there?" replied that she might leave them on ie table. She hesitated, and then said: Well, there's *one* of 'em that ain't got very nice picture on the cover, and I ought mebby you wouldn't want it yin' 'round."

"Is that so? What is it?" I asked. he disappeared, and in a moment re-irned, holding at arm's length The utlook of June 28 with its dainty, incing little figure.

"There 'tis," she said. "Look at that rl showin' her legs up to her knees! think it's shameful!"

Oh, Outlook! that you should come to is!

Needless to say that when she walks broad her skirts are of the decorous ngth of ten or fifteen years ago, about o inches above the sidewalk.

X. Y. Z.

THE DOWN HILL PATH

MR. JESSUP'S article in a recent Outlook on "Getting Lost in the oods" was very interesting, and was refully read by the writer to see if ie author had given the best advice to ne who might be really lost.

His rule, "Keep your head and save our energy," is a most excellent one, nd should be followed; but there is an-ther rule, which was given to me by an ld prospector in the mountains in yoming many years ago. If this be dded to Mr. Jessup's rule, the combina-ion will be pretty sure to get a lost per-on out of the woods.

This rule is, "Always go down hill." f you follow this rule, you are sure to trike a stream, and if you follow down e stream, you are sure to come to a abitation, and quite sure to find it ooner than if you wandered up hill and own.

Some years ago the writer was on a ishing trip in the Rocky Mountains with a friend, who was lost for three days and three nights.

If he had followed the rule of going down hill, he would have reached a ranch within six miles, or, in his case, if he had simply gone back to the river and sat down in the sun, the searching party would have found him after the first night. He became be-wildered, however, and must have wan-dered aimlessly over the hills and val-leys, as he certainly eluded about forty men who were scouring the country for him.

My friend was over seventy years old. Although it froze hard each of the three nights and he had fallen in the river and wet his matches so that he could not light a fire, and he had noth-ing to eat except service berries, which were plentiful, he suffered no ill effects from the exposure after a few days' rest.

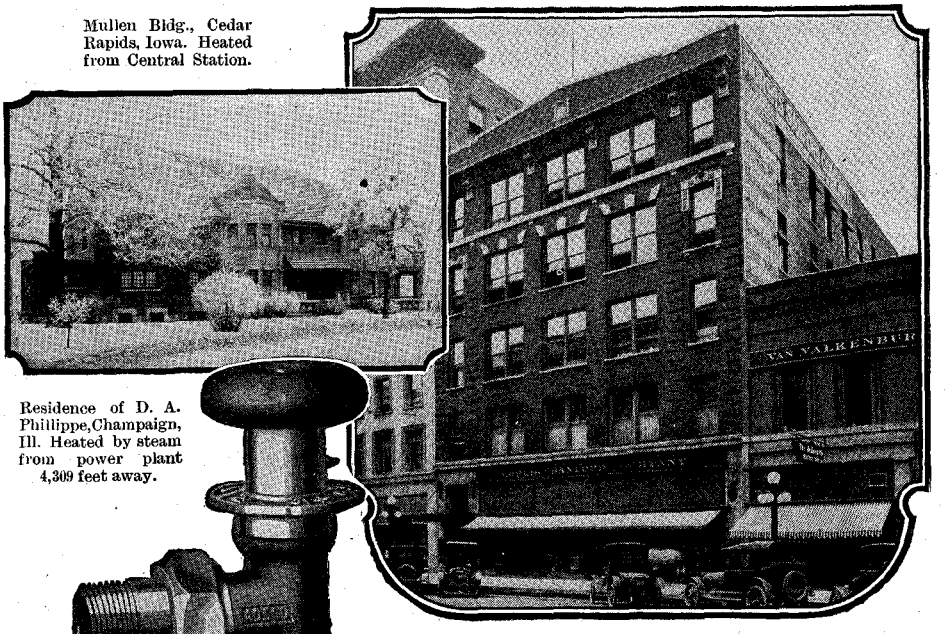
"ONE OF THE OUTLOOK FAMILY."

A WORD ON UNDER-WEIGHT

A review in a recent issue of "Mind and Body" of your article in The Outlook on "The Great Under-Weight Delusion" makes me feel glad that at last somebody has up and said what I know personally some men of recognized importance in public health work, as well as my humble self, have been think-ing.

ISAAC B. SIMON.

Winthrop, Massachusetts.



Mullen Bldg., Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Heated from Central Station.

Residence of D. A. Phillippe, Champaign, Ill. Heated by steam from power plant 4,309 feet away.

Adsco Graduated Radiator Valve. Gives positive control of radiation.

No Coal Goes In— No Ashes Go Out!

No basement fires. Steam from a Central Heating Plant—piped through underground mains and sold by meter the same as water or gas—heats these buildings.

Heat available day and night—controlled by an Adsco Valve on each radiator as positively as water at a faucet.

For 40 years we have been installing Adsco Community Heating; now used in more than 400 towns, industrial plants, institutions, groups of residences, and office buildings.

Cost data and information about profits from Community Heating sent on request.

Some steam plant in your neighborhood may be wasting enough steam to heat a group of buildings.

Ask for Bulletin No. 20-O on "Adsco Community Heating;" Bulletin No. 158-O describes Adsco Heating for individual buildings. Name of your architect appreciated. Architects, engineers and heating dealers should write also for Bulletin 159-O.

AMERICAN DISTRICT STEAM COMPANY

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NORTH TONAWANDA, N.Y.

Offices:

New York Chicago St. Paul Seattle

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RAYMOND-WHITCOMB
The Best in Travel TOURS & CRUISES The Best in Travel

Rio Centennial Cruise
(Including West Indies)
February 3, 1923

Only 45 days from New York to New York. The Cruise of Cruises for those who desire a fascinating and highly enjoyable pleasure trip of approximately one month and a half. It is especially attractive to those interested in the Brazilian Centennial Exposition. Rates $750 up—New York to New York. Write for complete information and schedule of rates.

Mediterranean Cruise

February 10, 1923, on the S.S. "Rotterdam." Includes Azores, Madeira, Spain, Gibraltar, Italy, Greece, Egypt, Holy Land and other places of equal interest. Rates $625 up—New York to New York. Write for illustrated booklet.

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CONDUCTED TRAVEL
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MEDITERRANEAN
Nile Cruises in Private Steamer
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BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
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FREE TRIP TO EUROPE will be given an organizer of a small party. Established 1900. BABCOCK'S TOURS, 13 Halsey St., Brooklyn.

THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to

JAPAN

The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook" to
JAPAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION
Care Traffic Dept.
IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
TOKYO
for full information
Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, $5–6 in cities and popular resorts, $4–5 in the country

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CANADA

CANADA'S WILDS
Northern Ontario
Timagami Wabi Kon Camp Lake Timagami Ontario, Canada
The unspoiled country—A Camp with every comfort in the heart of **four million acres** virgin forest—**1,502 lakes. Wonderful fishing.** Guides, Boats, Canoes and Launches. Bathing, Tramping. One night from Toronto. Excellent table. **Write for booklets.**
MISS G. ORR, Timagami P. O., Northern Ontario, Can.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

The LEE HOTEL
15th and L Sts., N. W.
Newest in Washington
Write for Booklet No. 3
Room and bath, $3.50 a day and upward

Hotels and Resorts

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THE BEECHES
PARIS HILL, MAINE. A quiet, restful place to spend the summer. 22 miles from Poland. Same White Mountain scenery. Country club in village ½ mile distant.

YORK CAMPS LOON LAKE, MAINE J. Lewis York, Prop.
Famous Rangeley region heart of mountains facing lake. Log cabins, baths, open fires, central dining-room. Garage, golf near by, boating, bathing, fishing. Fresh vegetables, eggs, poultry, milk. Booklet.

CAMP AIMHI
North Windham, Maine
Bathing, Boating, Canoeing, Fishing, Tennis
Aimhi Family Camp—situated among the pines on the shore of Little Sebago Lake, Me.—offers a natural, healthy, out-of-door life in the midst of an environment which is ideal for rest and recreation. M. L. HODGSON, Mgr.

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MARBLEHEAD, MASS.
The Leslie
A quiet, cosy little house by the sea. Now open. Private baths. Descriptive booklet. 18th season.

Rock Ridge Hall
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS. (Near Boston)
Fine location. Hot and cold running water in nearly all bedrooms. Some private baths. Many comfortably furnished rooms *for general use.* Large, breezy, screened piazza. Cool fern room. "Crow's nest" outlook. Pleasant forest walks and country drives. Tennis. Cream, berries, fruit, eggs, chickens. $15, $18, $21, $25 a week. Tel. Wellesley 71342.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

BEMIS CAMPS
Overlooking KIMBALL LAKE near the White Mountains
The place you've always wanted to know about, where you could rest and enjoy yourself—boating, bathing, fishing, tennis, horseback riding, mountain climbing, nights around the camp-fire. Private cabins. Address H. C. BEMIS, South Chatham, N. H.

NEW JERSEY

The ENGLESIDE Beach Haven N. J.

NOW OPEN. The best combination of seashore features on the coast. Matchless bay for sailing and fishing, perfectibeach and bathing. Five tennis courts. The Engleside has all the modern conveniences, private baths with sea and fresh water. Booklet. R. F. Engle, Mgr.
SURE RELIEF FROM HAY FEVER

NEW YORK CITY

—While in New York—
For a quiet, comfortable, homelike place in which to stay—
Single rooms, use of bath, $1.50 & $2
Suite, parlor, bedroom and bath, for 2, $4 & $5 daily
Parlor, 2 bedrooms and bath, 4 or 5 persons, $6 & $7 daily
SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR AUTOMOBILE PARTIES
HOTEL CLENDENING
202 West 103d St., New York City
Few steps only from Broadway Subway Sta.

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square
adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $3.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

Hotel Hargrave
West 72d St., through to 71st St., New York
300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

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Adirondacks Interbrook Lodge and Cottages
Keene Valley, N. Y. Season June 1–October 1. Very heart of highest peaks. Rooms available only for September. Rates $18 and $20. Illustrated booklet. M. E. LUCK, Prop.

FENTON HOUSE Adirondacks 18 Cottages
Altitude 1,571 ft. A noted place for health and rest. Write for folder and particulars.
C. FENTON PARKER, Number Four, N. Y.

RHODE ISLAND

THORNDYKE HOTEL
JAMESTOWN
OPPOSITE NEWPORT, R. I.
On the Shore of Narragansett Bay
Several nicely furnished summer cottages, all modern improvements. Rents reasonable. Booklets.

VERMONT

THE MAPLES
A Quiet Country Home (Now Open).
Address G. W. POWERS, Cambridgeport, Vt.

CHESTER, Vt. "The Maples." Delightful summer home. Cheerful, large, airy rooms, pure water, bath, hot and cold; broad piazza, croquet, fine roads. Terms reasonable. Refs. exchanged. The MISSES SARGEANT.

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"INTERPINES"
Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 26 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Sr., M.D., Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

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Board in Private Family Exceptional opportunity. Large handsome house, every convenience, 2 acres of lawn and shrubery, *spacious porch, high altitude, combining* sea and mountain air, easy commuting distance to New York. Suite of 2 large, airy bedrooms, front sitting-room and bath. Family of four—$100. Other rooms singly, near bath rooms, from $20 to $45. Address RICHARDS, 132 Boulevard, Summit, N. J. Phone 67 M.

Clearwater Farm Beautifully situated in the **Berkshire Hills** near the **Mohawk Trail,** 1,400 ft. elevation. Good country table. EDITH T. GRANT, Charlemont, Mass.

TRAINED NURSE owning her own home in beautiful country surroundings can accommodate one or two guests for August. Fresh vegetables and home cooking. Address The Misses Webb, Red Hook, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

Morristown, N. J. Quiet, restful home life for a few guests in beautiful residential park near station. Excellent cuisine. Moderate rates. 7,929, Outlook.

Real Estate

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HALF PRICE A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER **HOME.** Cost $60,000. Easy terms. For particulars, address Box 238, Guilford, Conn.

MAINE

RETIRED city worker will rent small furnished furnace-heated cottage on outskirts of Maine village to an appreciative tenant at moderate expense. Suitable for a sabbatical year or for intellectual or artistic workers. Correspondence invited. 7,945, Outlook.

MASSACHUSETTS

FOR SALE Unusual opportunity—long and well-established fully equipped tea-room. Splendid opportunity for two friends. Address 7,947, Outlook.

PETERSHAM, MASS. For Sale, old-fashioned country house, on lane from village street, opposite golf links. Three master's bedrooms, two bathrooms, fireplaces, electricity, unfailing spring water. Man's cottage. Modern stable, suitable for garage. Apply to Mrs. GEORGE WEST, Salem, Mass.

NEW JERSEY

IDEAL OUTING BUNGALOW FOR RENT
On Metedeconk River, near Bayhead; new, furnished 6-room house: 2-car garage; hot and cold water. Address 6,939, Outlook.

Real Estate

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FOR SALE
POLE ISLAND, in Casco Bay, Me.
A beautiful island, 25 miles east of Portland. Distance from either shore east or west less than half a mile. 9 miles from Brunswick Railroad Station. Surrounded by deep, navigable water with safe harbor, high elevation, wooded, unsurpassed view to ocean and picturesque rocky shores. Always cool. Has spacious, handsome residence and guest house, both bungalow style; also servant, bath and summer houses, and 7 buildings for housing ice, shop, fuel, gas plant, pumping outfit, tools and boats, all in the best condition. Modern plumbing, hot and cold running water, 3 bathrooms, hot-water heating, acetylene gas for lighting, cooking. Billiard tables in guest house, large lawn with 2 holes of golf. Vegetable garden, plantation of various berries, fruit trees, etc. Variety of roses, shrubs, and flowers. Landing privilege. For views consult February-March, 1921, issue of "Country Homes." Apply for particulars JOHN F. SCOTT, 358 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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Small Vermont Farm
For Sale on Easy Terms
60-acre farm, barns, dairy fully equipped. Well-tilled fields. Crops growing. House of seven rooms, picturesquely situated overlooking three States. Address P. O. Box 3, West Brattleboro, Vermont.

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AUTOMOBILE mechanics, owners, garage men, repairmen, send for free copy America's popular motor magazine. Contains helpful instructive information on overhauling, ignition wiring, carburetors, batteries, etc. Automobile Digest, 527 Butler Building, Cincinnati

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6 DIFFERENT BUSINESS PUBLICATIONS covering accounting, advertising administration, merchandising, salesmanship and taxation, all prepaid, only 25c. Value $1.50. Instructive, educational, practical Walhamore Co., Lafayette Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

SAFE 8% FIRST MORTGAGE INCOME CERTIFICATES additionally secured, tax exempted, quarterly payments. Permanent or reconvertible. Ask circulars. Home Building & Loan Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

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WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

DIETITIANS, secretaries, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, social workers, superintendents. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 5 East Side

TEACHERS wanted for public and private schools, colleges, and universities. Education Service, Southern Building, Washington.

WANTED—Teachers all subjects. Good vacancies in schools and colleges. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

FOR THE HOME

DOMESTIC SCIENCE correspondence courses. Good positions and home efficiency. Am. School Home Economics, 821 East 58th St., Chicago.

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UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid $1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 28 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

THIRSTY blotters sent free on request; also samples of excellent stationery for personal and professional use. Franklin Printery, Warner, New Hampshire.

100 name cards, 50c. 100 business cards 65c. Burnett Print Shop, Box 145, Ashland, Ohio.

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HELP WANTED

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EARN $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid, as Railway Traffic Inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare-time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for Free Booklet CM-27. Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

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WORKING housekeeper, by business couple with one child, 2½ years. Ethelwyn D. Hotaling, Hollis, L. I.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

ENGAGED minister wants community church field. Mountain West preferred. 1,812, Outlook.

NURSE with hospital training desires position in private school, or care of delicate child. 1,831, Outlook.

Business Situations

MARRIED man, age 29, now a manufacturing executive, desires employment which will keep him out of doors. 1,806, Outlook.

SECRETARIAL position by thoroughly competent, experienced secretary stenographer. 1,822, Outlook.

YOUNG man, twenty-three, attending Wharton School Finance, finish 1924, will mold course to suit requirements of reliable concern. Wants part time connection while attending school. Excellent references. 1,826, Outlook.

POSITION wanted as director of young people's work. Vassar graduate. Experience. 1,830, Outlook.

SECRETARY—College graduate, six years' experience in stenography, bookkeeping, and correspondence. Salary $2,000. 1,834, Outlook.

EXECUTIVE — Capable young woman, publicity experience, successful campaign work, desires interesting high grade position, preferably in Philadelphia or New York. 1,837, Outlook.

CAPABLE stenographer, twenty-nine years of age, desires position as secretary to reputable person traveling abroad. 1,829, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

FIRST-class housekeeper, music teacher. Secure now. Give particulars. 1,789, Outlook.

MANAGING housekeeper for school or institution for the winter. 1,817, Outlook.

WANTED — Position of responsibility. Home economics graduate. Hospital and country club experience. 1,814, Outlook.

COMPANION to lady going abroad. Experienced young American woman of good social position. 1,824, Outlook.

NURSERY governess for child under five years. 1,825, Outlook.

LADY (about forty), with considerable experience of travel, wishes position as traveling companion. Free any time. 1,828, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as dormitory manager and chaperon in high grade women's educational institute or house director in Y. W. C. A. by trained and experienced woman. 1,819, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, cheerful, loving disposition, wishes to mother children or be companion to one who needs happy companionship; highest references given and required. 1,827, Outlook.

WANTED—Position mother's helper, companion-housekeeper. Miss Deans, Essex, Vt.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Position as teacher of art or arts and crafts in public or private school. Address K. Reed, 1523 Wayne Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.

TUTOR, experienced college entrance mathematics, will go mountains or seashore August. Superior references given and required. 1,838, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as governess or companion by an experienced and capable young woman. References. 1,841, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

OPPORTUNITY for invalid or convalescent to have luxurious home in country with nursing and medical attendance at moderate rate. 1,776, Outlook.

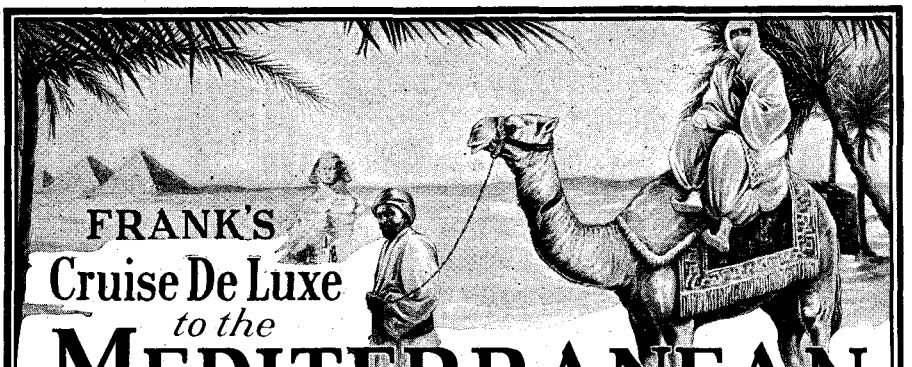
SUBURBAN home for problem child, competent maternal care. Connecticut Society for Mental Hygiene, New Haven, Conn.

FOR sale—Genuine buffalo robe, 6 ft. x 7 ft. J. O. Nesbitt, Attica, New York.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency. established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery, 25 West 24th St., New York.

AMBITIOUS WRITERS send to-day for free copy America's leading magazine for writers of photoplays, stories, poems, songs. Instructive, helpful. Writer's Digest, 688 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

BOOKKEEPING in a week. Dukes, 1857c Walton Ave., New York.



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Cruise De Luxe
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By Magnificent New **Cunard S.S. "SCYTHIA,"** Specially Chartered
Twin-Screw Turbine Oil-Burner, 20,000 Tons. Sailing Jan. 30, 1923, returning April 2, visiting

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in the SEPTEMBER

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BY THE WAY

A LOCOMOTIVE engineer asks in the "Railway Age" how we are to get reliable engineers in the years to come Engineers, it will be noted, are usually raised from the rank of firemen. "The rising generation is getting a better education," he says, "and an educated young man absolutely will not take a job firing the present-day hogs with a scoop. I don't blame him—I wouldn't do it for a dollar a mile. Therefore we are already commencing to get, as firemen, men who a few years ago would not have been considered as anything but common labor for such jobs as track repair work We have some now who cannot speak clear English and have to ask the engineer to write their names on the time slip. Can you imagine the type of engineers they are going to make?" This is a problem which the railway unions as well as the employers must look into.

The Society of Automotive Engineers, at a recent meeting, decided upon a standardization of body nomenclature for automobiles, and chose fourteen definite body names. The most significant of the changes recommended is that the word "phaeton" should replace the familiar "touring car," which term seems to have lost its significance, as all types of cars are used for touring. The names suggested are as follows: Roadster, coupé, phaeton, sedan, berline, limousine, brougham, landaulet, sedan-landaulet, brougham-landaulet, berline-landaulet, coupé-landaulet, limousine-landaulet, cabriolet.

A correspondent writes: "In a recent number of The Outlook I noticed a brief article about General Sheridan's war horse, in which the horse's name is given as Winchester. The correct name of the horse was Rienzi, which you may verify by consulting 'Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan,' Volume I, pages 177–180."

Stemming a tide of "dehydrated" alcoholic beverages of reminiscent names is a steady job of the fraud department of the Post Office Department. Using the reputation of the German chemists, certain German concerns have distributed hundreds of thousands of circulars in the United States offering, for "one dollar only, Rhine wine, Moselle, sherry, Port, Bordeaux, Burgundy, Tokay, Malaga, beer of Munich, Pilsen, porter, ale, etc.," in a dried form. From the powders a gallon or two of the beverage indicated on the package can be made, the spurious circulars state. Despite the issuance of fraud orders, many people are still sending money to these German concerns, only to have the money returned to them by the Post Office Department. A significant requirement on every circular insists on payment in American currency.

If these powders contained alcohol, their importation would be prohibited, and since they do not have the latent possibilities advertised they violate the mail fraud statutes.

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